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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

NOVEMBER 1915

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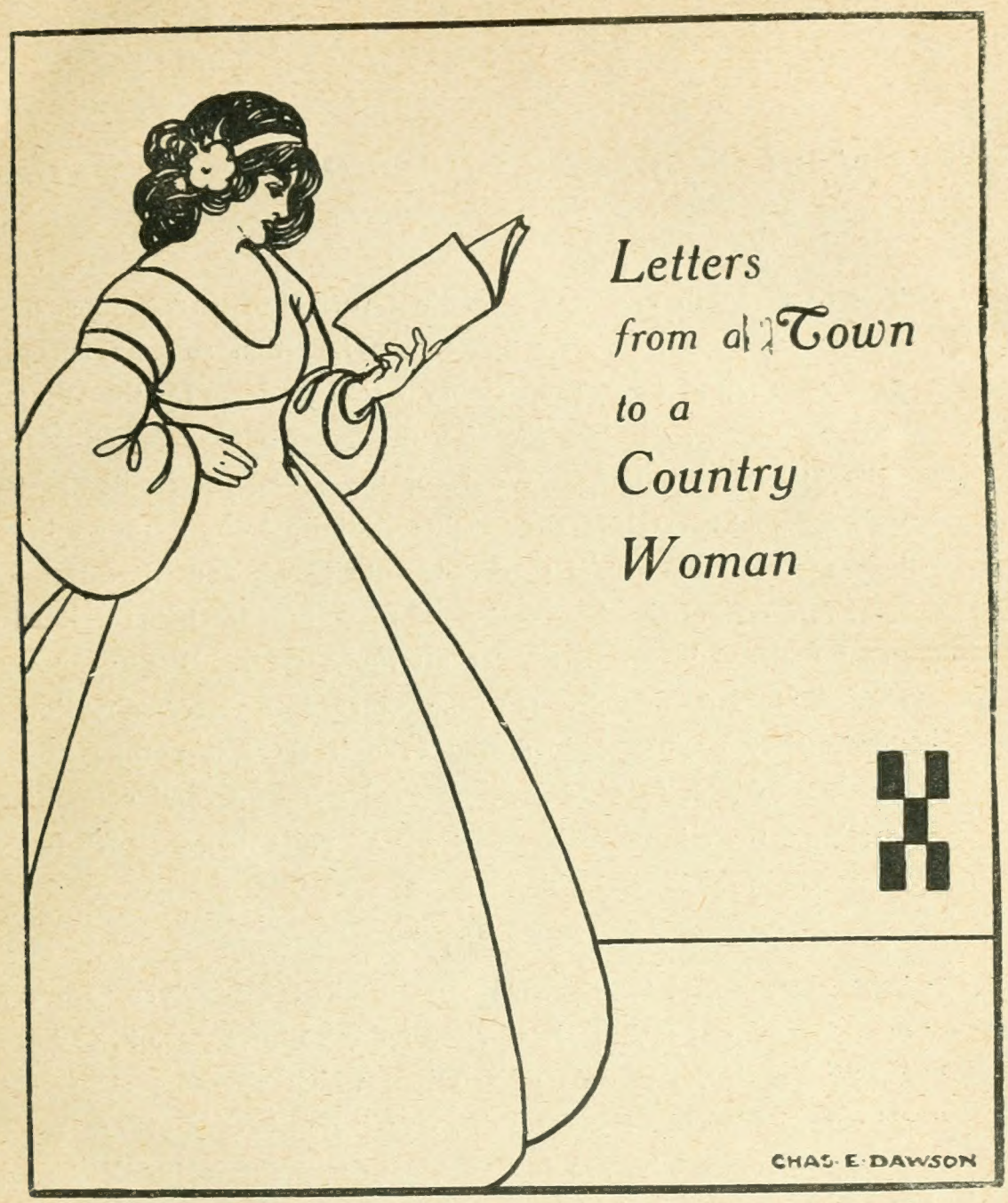

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Letters from a Town to a Country Woman

The past month has seen a distinct revival where clothes are concerned. This is partly due to the fact that so many people have returned to Town preparatory to settling down for the Winter season, and partly to reaction after the somewhat severe self-denial of the past few months. Whatever the cause, the result augurs well for the West End dressmakers, whose Winter shows have been far more successful than they anticipated, and who are now busy turning out simple evening and restaurant frocks as well as a great many dainty toilettes for afternoon wear. For whatever economy leagues may preach to the contrary, there seems no doubt that society has determined that even if there is nothing more exciting to look forward to than sewing parties and committee meetings, there is no reason why one should not grace such functions clad in the latest fashion.

Successful Gowns for Wear under Fur Coats

¶ The dressmakers, who seem ready to adapt themselves to every passing whim of fashion, have risen nobly to the occasion, and are busy with frocks of this description, which they are selling at prices undreamed of before the war began. One of the most successful firms who are fast making a reputation for delightful afternoon frocks and visiting toilettes are Messrs. Hughes and Starnes, of 63 South Molton Street, W. Just now they are specialising in beautifully cut and extremely stylish frocks suitable for wearing under fur coats. These are fashioned of faille silk, charmeuse, velvet, or the new brocaded taffeta which is the craze of the present season, and they demonstrate the beauty of the new model gowns which still show dainty short skirts, that, although fuller, are less exaggerated than those of yesterday. Such gowns are made with semi-transparent bodices, a good many showing the new effect achieved by means of a pinafore top over-bodice made of the same material as the skirt.

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FUR RENOVATIONS AND REMODELLING.

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Outstanding Features of the New Gowns

¶ Amongst the essential features of these new gowns is the lavish use of fur trimming, which in some form or other adorns all the day frocks and nearly all the model blouses this season. Skunk is the fur chiefly used for this purpose—although a great many dressmakers are trying the effect of mink and sable, especially to trim velvet. One also notes the overwhelming popularity of gold-trimming introduced in the form of light embroidery collar and wristbands and bows of gold braid, while a lining of cloth of gold to the over-bodice is a pleasing note in many of the newest model gowns, and one that should not be overlooked, particularly by those who wish to lighten the somewhat sombre effect of the ubiquitous black gown so much affected for day wear. Another striking characteristic is the vogue for long, transparent sleeves, finished off with picturesque cuffs of original design which often reach up to the elbow line. There is also a distinct feeling that smartness can only be achieved by close-fitting collar effects that reach right up to the chin, and which in spite of a lot of prejudice prove remarkably becoming to the majority of wearers.

Fashions for Elderly Women

¶ Messrs. Hughes and Starnes make a very great feature of dresses suitable for matrons' wear—a type of toilette that requires a good deal of care and more than the usual amount of cleverness at the present moment. For it requires something akin to genius to make a woman of fifty and upwards look really graceful in a short skirt and in the decidedly youthful modes of the moment, which all seem to have been designed to meet no other needs save that of the *débutante* who is fortunate enough to have a slight, graceful figure. Messrs. Hughes and Starnes have, however, made a special study of this question, and they have many extremely valuable suggestions to make, and have been particularly happy in the results which they have achieved in this direction. Owing to the war they are also making a special feature of the alteration and remodelling of customers' own day and evening gowns.

A Beautiful Reception Toilette

¶ Another type of toilette which is very popular this season is the fur-trimmed three-piece costume which seems so specially suitable for wearing at Winter weddings and receptions. Just now Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove are showing some charming model gowns of this description that, having come straight from Paris, demonstrate all that is newest and most up-to-date in this direction. One very beautiful model is made with a dull shade of peacock-blue velvet skirt allied to a bodice of a lighter shade of peacock-blue

ninon embroidered in dull gold. Over this is worn a very smart and rather full sacque coat made of the blue velvet that reaches to just above the hips. This has a collar of the richest skunk, while two smart little fancy pockets outlined with the same fur introduces a striking note of novelty. The whole makes a really beautiful toilette eminently suited to the needs of the present moment.

Swallow Blue Ninon and Black Satin

¶ Other delightful models on show here include a lovely swallow-blue ninon dress that loses itself in a skirt of fine black satin, the ninon bodice being continued down beyond the hip-line in the most effective manner. Lightly embroidered in dull gold threads, the front of this bodice opens over a vest of flesh-coloured ninon that imparts a very soft and effective finish. Yet another quite new Parisian model gown also on show at Marshall's gives a hint of a new type of skirt that promises to be very popular throughout the coming Winter, and seems to be paving the way for more elaborately trimmed dresses in the immediate future. This is made of *Tête de Nègre* ninon, the extremely full skirt being trimmed at intervals from the hem to the hips with tiny *rouleaux* bands of the ninon, from which depend small tabs of similar coloured taffeta. It is impossible to describe the smartness of this gown, which has an almost transparent ninon bodice that reveals an underbodice made of straps of palest pink picot-edged ribbon mounted on a flesh-coloured lining.

A New Idea for Half Mourning

¶ In these showrooms one also finds a very large variety of beautiful, but by no means extravagant, evening dresses suitable for present-day wear. One very lovely model is made with a cloth of silver skirt veiled with black tulle that has all the appearance of half-mourning, and yet is absolutely smart and thoroughly up-to-date. Coming as a welcome relief from the somewhat hackneyed black and white evening gown, this model is sure to attract the attention of the best-dressed women, as it strikes just the right note of smart simplicity and originality of design that places it at once in the foremost ranks of fashion.

Furs of Supreme Importance

¶ Furs are also of supreme importance this month, and the amount of seal-dyed musquash coats trimmed with skunk that are being sold just now are quite astounding. There is also a rage for the new, wide, flaring, three-quarter coats made of pony skin, broad tail, and caracul, all heavily trimmed with fur, which wear so well and seem to be suitable for all occasions. Perhaps the best new models and the most helpful suggestions for altering coats of an

old-fashioned shape are to be found at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, who are holding a big display of the newest and most fashionable models. These include both long and short coats, all apparently lavishly trimmed with luxurious collars, cuffs, and deep hems of another variety of pelt—skunk for preference, as skunk is the fur *par excellence* this season. One finds it trimming everything and made up into the new high collar necklets which Messrs. Debenham and Freebody are making a speciality of—as well as the new bolster muffs which are so comfortable to carry and so much smarter than the old-fashioned pillow variety.

Bargains in White Fox

¶ This firm has also some quite exceptional bargains to offer in white fox furs mounted on the fashionable "whole skin" shoulder cape, which is nothing short of a craze amongst the more youthful members of society just now. A new-shaped muff has been designed to complete this set, which makes a delightful adjunct to an afternoon frock or a smart coat and skirt. These furs should not be lightly overlooked, for in spite of their extremely moderate cost, they are made of beautiful, full, clear, silky skins of exceptional whiteness. For those who are in mourning a set of furs of exactly the same design are to be had, made of fine black timber wolf, a fur which closely resembles the finest black fox. These are less than half the price of the white fox furs, and they constitute one of those rare bargains that the wise will not overlook.

The Charm of Shetland Wool

¶ One must not overlook the wonderful value also offered in plush fabric furs which have come to stay, and are now being made up into all the newest shapes in coats. The only drawback to such coats is their undoubted lack of warmth, which, however, can easily be remedied by wearing a light Shetland wool bodice underneath. Indeed, many women are having special Shetland wool linings made for these coats, which more than double their value during the Winter time. The difficulty, however, is to ensure *real* Shetland wool being used for this purpose, as it is so much lighter and warmer than any other variety. Readers may therefore be glad to know of a Shetland worker who has come from the Islands and is now executing private orders in London. This is Mrs. Williams, of 6 Iffley Road, Hammersmith, who makes every kind of garment, from nightdresses to golf coats, of real Shetland wool. Just at present she is specialising in cardigans, sweaters, mufflers, and

gloves, which are the very best type of Christmas present to send to our soldiers at the Front and to prisoners in Germany, who are already beginning to suffer so acutely from the cold.

Novelties in Jewellery

¶ Writing of Christmas presents reminds one that although comparatively little jewellery is being worn or sold just now, a craze has developed for regimental badge brooches of every kind. These grow in popularity month by month, and although there are numerous kinds in the market none are more attractive than the original "Army Corps" brooches sold direct by the manufacturers—The Judge Jewellery Makers, of 285 Brearley Street, Birmingham. These brooches are unusually dainty in design, representing crossed rifles with any regimental crest mounted in the centre, and are obtainable in gilt, enamel, silver, or gold, and make a most charming and acceptable Christmas gift.

A New Breakfast Food

¶ Turning from matters concerning dress, all manner of novelties are to be found just now that claim the special attention of householders who are endeavouring to practise the gentle art of economy in the most practical and remunerative manner. Readers who are interested in such matters cannot do better than turn their attention to the large assortment of the products sold by the Wallace P.R. Foods Company, Ltd., of Tottenham Lane, Hornsey. This firm have put upon the market a wonderful new body-building breakfast food, which is not only delicious to eat, but requires no cooking and no labour to prepare. Far superior to porridge or to any other form of cereal food, the "P.R." Breakfast Food is to be found on all breakfast and luncheon tables just now. Other specialities of this firm include all manner of wholesome plain and fancy biscuits, cakes and bread—made from the purest and best ingredients, a guarantee being given that no baking powder, egg powder, shortening chemical mixtures, or ferments such as yeast, or any mineral salts or colouring matter, are used in these model bakeries. The Wallace Food Co. also make a delicious kind of compressed cake called "Sun Food," composed entirely of sun-ripened fruits, which are ideal for tourists, travellers and cyclists. Sample boxes of these foods will be sent post-free on receipt of nine penny stamps.

An Ideal Cup of Coffee

¶ Yet another speciality of this firm, and one that should not be overlooked by the careful housekeeper at the present moment, is the P.R. Coffee, which is a perfect blend of the choicest first-class grades of coffee berries from the hill plantations of Costa Rica. The secret of the delicacy and aroma of this choice coffee, which is fast taking the place of all other kinds—not only in private houses, but in *cafés*, restaurants, and hotels—lies in the fact that it is roasted by electric heat, so that no fumes of gas, coke, or coal taint the coffee in any way. This process produces an evenly roasted and superbly flavoured coffee, that cannot be spoilt in the making by even the most ignorant cook. P.R. Coffee is also far more easily digested than the ordinary kind, and it can therefore be drunk with impunity by everyone, including children and invalids or even dyspeptic patients, who, in the ordinary way, are not able to enjoy this fragrant beverage.

MARY MARSH.

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Edited by Austin Harrison

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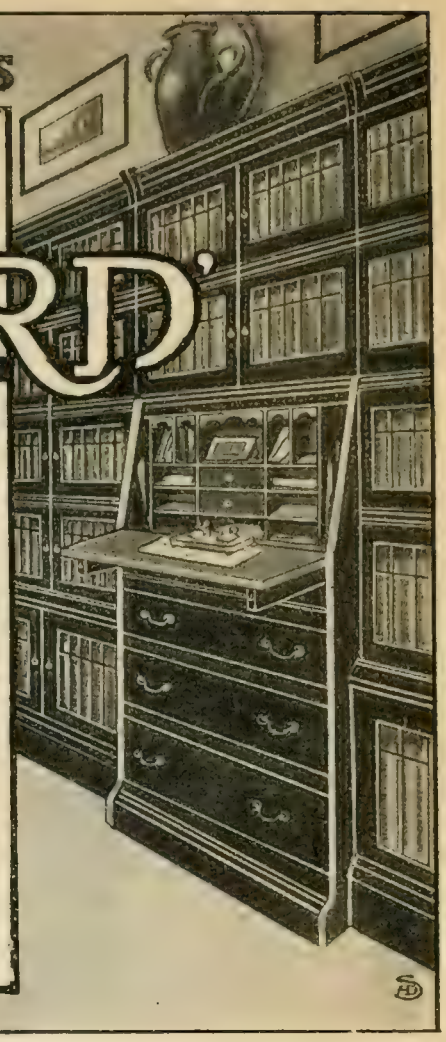

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
NOVEMBER, 1915

Trees

By Harold Monro

ONE summer afternoon, you find
Some lonely trees. Persuade your mind
To drowse. Then, as your eyelids close,
And you still hover into those
Three stages of a darkening doze,
This side the barrier of sleep,
Pause. In that first clear moment open quick
Your sight toward where the green is bright and thick.
Be sure that everything you keep
To dream with is made out of trees.
Grip hard, become a root, so drive
Your muscles through the ground alive
That you'll be breaking from above your knees
Out into branches. Let your manhood be
Forgotten, all your purpose seem
The purpose of a simple tree
Rooted in a quiet dream.

I did that. It is difficult to cease
Thinking. A thought will rise and trip
Your spirit on the brink of peace
And your tough muscles lose their grip.
It is hard to find
A way to lead you out of Mind,
And after that to keep
The passage of a natural sleep.

Any silly man can swim
Down the channel of a dream,
Dawdling under banks of green.
That's an easy drift for him,
Snoozing like a little stream,
And a comfortable whim
Any shallow man can dream.
Water is a lazy thing,
Lipping at an edge of ground,
Elbowing and muttering.
I have often heard a stream
Imitate a little dream.

The trees throw up their singing leaves, and climb
Spray over spray. They break through Time.
Their roots lash through the clay. They lave
The earth, and wash along the ground
They burst in green wave over wave,
Fly in a blossom of light foam.
Rank following windy rank they come.
They flood the plain,
Swill through the valley, top the mound,
Flow over the low hill,
Curl round
The bases of the mountains, fill
Their crevices, and stain
Their ridges green. . . . Be sure you keep
Some memory of this for sleep.
Then hold your blood, contrive to fill
Your veins with sap. Now dive; sink down
Below the spray. Relax your will . . .
The earth still has you by the heel?
It is impossible to drown.
(Do not remember what you feel) . . .
Lift up your head above the spray.
Pull, (so trees live). Thrust! Drive your way!
The agony of One Idea will twist
Your branches. (Can you feel the dew?)
The wind will cuff you with his fist.
The birds will build their nests in you.
Your circulating blood will go
Flowing five hundred times more slow.

A thousand veils will darkly press
About your muffled consciousness:
So you will grow.
You will not know,
Not wonder, why you grow. . . .

2.

I was cast up from that still tide of sleep.
I suddenly awakened—could not keep
A tranquil growth.
I heard the swinging clocks of man,
And I was conscious of unworthy sloth.
Oh, silly tree adept!—
Out of arboreal delight I crept;
Crept, was afraid, and ran—
Too much mortality I kept.

They drove me forth. The angry trees
Roared till I tumbled lean and lewd
Out of that Paradise. The forest rose
To scourge my wavering conscience, and pursued.
A thousand doors clapped roughly and were close.
Low growling voices on that other side
Cursed in a tone of old offended wood. . . .

3.

It was a dangerous journey. If you go
Think carefully of this, which now I know.
Tree-life is like a corridor between
The Seen and the Unseen.
Trees are like sentinels that keep
The passage of a gate
From this sleep to that other sleep:
Between two worlds they wait.
If they discover you, you cannot hide.
Run backward. They are stern.
You may be driven out that other side,
And not return.

Better perhaps you love them distantly—
So if they tempt you, as a woman might,
Make of their love an Immorality;
And if they haunt you, regulate your sight

That tree-love may seem like Adultery;
And never visit them at all by night.
Lock door, draw curtains, close yourself within
When the cool flow of sunset shall begin:

Leave them to float alone about their gold.
But when the moon comes to them and they fold
Dark branches round her, you'll be jealous then—
Focus your vision and contract it near:
Read some new book, talk learnedly with men.
Banish their nightingales, and yet I fear
How they may call and echo through your sleep . . .
There will be many sounds you must not hear
If you will keep
The ways of manly wisdom, and not be
Distracted by the love of any tree.

There are some men, of course, some men, I know,
Who, when they pass,
Seem like trees walking and to grow
From earth, and, native in the grass,
(So taut their muscles) move on gliding roots.
They blossom every day: their fruits
Are always new and cover the happy ground.
Wherever they stand
You hear inevitable sound
Of birds and branches, harvest and all delights
Of pastured and wooded land.
For them it is not dangerous to go
Each side that barrier moving to and fro:
They without trepidation undertake
Excursions into sleep, and safely come awake.

But it is different, different for me,
(Also for you I fear)
To whom a tree seems something more than tree,
And when we see,
Clustered together, two or three,
We almost are afraid to pass them near.
How beautifully they grow,
Crowding the brink of silence everywhere,
With branches dipping low
To smile towards us or to stroke our faces
Above their stiles and lanes and watery places.

They drown us in their summer and swirl round
Leaving us faint: so nobody is free,
But always some surrounding ground
Is swamped and washed and covered in by Tree.

They follow us and haunt us. We must build
Houses of wood. Our evening rooms are filled
With fragments of the forest: chairs and tables.
We swing our wooden doors;
Pile up, divide our sheds, byres, stables
With logs, make wooden stairs, lay wooden floors,
Sit, move, and sleep among the limbs of trees,
Rejoicing to be near them. How men saw,
Chisel and hammer, carve and tease
All timber to their purpose, modelling
The forest in their chambers! And the raw
Wild stuff, built like a cupboard or a shelf,
Will crack and shiver in the night, and sing
Reminding everybody of itself;
Out of decayed old centuries will bring
A sudden memory
Of growing tree.

4.

So they are felled. The hatchet swings:
They pass their way. . . . Some learn to sail
Seaward on white enormous wings,
Scattering blossom along their trail;
Or be a little ship that ploughs
And glides across the rippled land
Great frothing steeds high mounted at the bows,
Calm at the helm the ploughboy's guiding hand,
Crowded with sailing birds that flap and float,
Hang stiff against the air and hold the breeze,
Landworthy and as trim a boat
As ever ploughed the seas.

So they are felled. . . . They change; they come,
Lingering their period of decay
In transitory forms; and some
Lie Sleeping all that shining Way

The lanky greyhound Engines loop,
With open nostrils flashing by,
Lugging their drowsy noisy troupe—
They clank and clatter, crouch and cry,
Pass, vanish, fill the distance with a sigh.

And some, some trees, before they die,
Carved and moulded small,
Suddenly begin,
Oh, what a wild and windy woodland call
Out of the lips of the violin!

So trees are felled. . . . But tree
Lingers immovably where it has stood,
Living its tranquil immortality
Impassive to the death of wood.

And you—be certain that you keep
Some memory of trees for sleep.

The Nut-Weevil*

By Henri Fabre

If happiness consists merely in having a peaceful home, a good digestion and the certainty of food, then the Nut-weevil is really happy, more so than the famous Rat who retired from public life into a Dutch cheese. La Fontaine's hermit was not wholly cut off from the outer world, with its inevitable worries. One day a deputation of the Rat clan came to ask him for a trifling alms. The recluse lent an unwilling ear to their woes; he said that he could do nothing to help them, promised to pay for them and, without more ado, shut the door in their faces.

For all his hard-heartedness, this visit of his starving friends must have interfered a little with his digestion: history does not tell us so, but we are at liberty to believe it. My hermit has none of these annoyances. His house is an inviolable dwelling, a box made all in one, without door or wicket for hungry bores to knock at.

Everybody knows him. Which of us, in our boyhood, cracking a hazel-nut with his strong young teeth, has not bitten into something sticky and disagreeable? Faugh! It is the Nut-worm! Let us overcome our repugnance and look at him closer. He is worth it.

He is a plump and lusty grub, bent like a bow, legless and milk-white, save for the head, which is tipped with yellowish horn. When taken out of its cell and placed upon the table, the creature curves and wriggles without succeeding in shifting its position. The power of locomo-

* Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos and copyright, 1914, by Henri Fabre.

Editorial Note.—Henri Fabre has just died, at a patriarchal age. The friend of Darwin and inspirer of a generation of naturalists, he has written of the life and habits of the insect-world as no writer ever did before him. We may be allowed to say that the English Review was the first periodical to make his writings known in this country.

tion is denied it. This is a common characteristic of the Weevil tribe, all of whom in their larval youth are enamoured of the sedentary life. Such an one is the hermit whose history I will now relate, the recluse with the round, shiny croup, the grub of the Nut-weevil (*Balaninus nucum*, Lin.). His fare is the kernel of the nut, a generous dish, of which he usually scorns the leavings, for there are limits even to the stoutest Weevil's capacity. There is plenty to provide a single guest with comfortable living for three or four weeks; but it would spell scarcity for two. And so the victuals are strictly apportioned: each nut has its one worm and no more.

I have very seldom come upon two. In such cases, the late-comer, the son of some ill-informed mother, had taken his place at table beside the other, but it had profited him little. The food was almost finished; moreover, the intruder, still small and puny, seemed to have been badly received by the robust owner, jealous of his property. It was quite evident: the superfluous weakling was destined to perish. The Weevil knows no more of charity to his fellows than the Rat in the cheese does. Everyone for himself: that is the fierce law, even in a filbert-shell.

The dwelling is a bastion of absolutely unbroken texture, without a join or crevice through which an invader could slip. The walnut-tree covers its fruit with a shell composed of two valves joined together, leaving between them a line of least resistance; the hazel-tree constructs its little kegs out of a single stave arched into a vault which is equally strong at every point. How did the Weevil's grub obtain admission into this fortress?

On the surface, smooth as polished marble, the eye discerns nothing to explain the entrance of an enemy from without. One can readily conceive the surprise and the artless imaginings of those who were the first to observe the curious contents of that unscathed nut, with no vestige of an opening in it. The fat worm living inside could not be a stranger. He was therefore born of the fruit itself, under the influence of an unfriendly moon. He was a son of corruption hatched by a mist.

The peasant of to-day, a stickler for the old beliefs, always puts down worm-eaten nuts and other insect-ravaged fruit to the score of the moon or of some ill wind. And

this will never be changed until the rustic schools give a place of honour to the healthy and invigorating study of nature in the fields and hedges.

Let us substitute the truth for these absurdities. The grub is certainly an alien, an invader; and he must have found a passage somewhere to enter by. We will try, with the aid of a magnifying-glass, to find this chink which escapes the eye at first.

The search does not take long. At the base of the nut there is a broad, hollowed part, rough and somewhat lighter in colour, to which the green wrapper was once attached. On the confines of this area, a little outside, is a small, shiny-brown speck. This is the entrance to the stronghold.

We need not inquire further; the rest is quite easy to understand by those who have studied the habits of the Elephant-weevil, or Acorn-weevil. The Nut-weevil also carries a nasal gimlet, again of excessive length, but this time slightly curved. I can picture her taking her stand, like her kinswoman of the acorns, on the tripod formed by her wing-cases and her hind-legs: she adopts an attitude worthy of the caricaturist's pencil; she inserts her apparatus perpendicularly; she turns and turns again.

It is hard, very hard, for the nut is selected almost ripe, so as to provide the grub with more flavoursome and plentiful food; it is thick and tough, much more so than the shell of an acorn. Considering that the other Weevil takes half a day to bore her opening, how slow must be the progress of this one, what stubborn perseverance she must have! Perhaps her gimlet possesses a special temper. We can make our drills bite into granite; in the same way her diamond-drill is of triple strength.

Slowly or quickly, the auger descends to the bottom of the nut, where the tissues are more tender and richer in milk-food; it goes in slanting, to a distance of some length, in order to prepare for the grub a column of semolina, an excellent food for infants. Nut-probers and acorn-probers make the same dainty provision for the family.

At last comes the placing of the egg, right at the bottom of the well. Here the method of the Acorn-weevil is repeated. With a back rostrum, equal in length to that in front and kept hidden in the body until the moment comes to use it, the mother inserts her egg in the kernel.

These maternal attentions I see only in my mind's eye; but I have learnt enough from my examination of the nut after it has become a cradle and from the ways of the Acorn-weevil to have a very clear idea of what happens in this nursery. I should like something better, however; I should like to be there when the work is actually going on, an ambition not likely to be gratified. The hazel-tree, in fact, is rare in my part of the world, and its official ravager is hardly to be found here. We will try, all the same, with the six hazel-trees which I once planted in the enclosure at the back of my house. And first I must lay in a stock.

The valley of the Gard provides me with a few couples of insects. They reach me by post at the end of April, when the nuts, quite pale still, soft and flat, are beginning to emerge from their green cup. The kernel is not yet formed by a long way; but it is there in outline, there is a promise of it.

I place the strangers on the leaves of my hazel-trees in the morning, in glorious weather. The journey has not tried them overmuch. They are magnificent in their modest brown dress. No sooner are they free than they open their wing-cases, unfurl their wings, close them again and spread them once more, without taking flight. This is done to exercise the muscles, which are cramped and feeble after the insect's long incarceration. I look upon these sports in the sun as a good omen; my colonists will not desert. Meanwhile the nuts grow larger from day to day and become a luscious temptation for the children. They are within the reach of the smallest, who love to stuff their pockets with them and then to munch them contentedly, after cracking them between two stones. Definite instructions are given that the trees are not to be touched. This year the delights of nutting must be suppressed in favour of the Weevils whose history I wish to learn.

My injunction is understood, and, with rare exceptions, the tempting fruit is respected. I, on my side, visit it assiduously. My trouble is wasted: I do not succeed in catching a Weevil at its persistent boring. At most, I get a glimpse of one at sunset, hoisted high in the air, trying to insert her instrument. The little that I learn teaches me nothing new; the Acorn-weevil has already shown me as much. Besides, it is only a brief attempt. The insect is

still searching and has not yet found what suits it. Perhaps the nut-borer works at night.

I am more favoured in another respect. Some of the nuts first colonised are put away in my study and subjected to frequent inspections. My zeal is rewarded. Early in August two larvæ leave their safe before my eyes. No doubt they have long been etching into the hard wall with that patient chisel, the point of their mandibles. An exit-hole is just being finished when I become aware of the coming deliverance. A fine dust falls out by way of shavings.

The window by which the insect escapes is independent of the microscopic orifice through which the egg is inserted. Perhaps, as long as the work lasts, it is not wise to obstruct that air-hole through which the dwelling receives its ventilation. The window is situated at the bottom of the fruit, quite near the rough part at which the nut is attached to its cup. In this region, where, until the nut is perfectly ripe, embryo matter is in process of elaboration, the density is a little less than elsewhere. The point to be perforated is excellently selected therefore: it is here that the least resistance will be encountered.

The recluse knows the weak spot of his prison without any experimental sounding. Confident of success, he works away with a will. No time is wasted in tentative efforts. Where the first stroke of the pickaxe is given, others follow. Perseverance is the strength of the feeble.

It is done: daylight enters the casket. The window opens, round, slightly wider inside and carefully polished throughout the circumference of its embrasure. Any roughness that might later on impede the difficult process of extrication has disappeared under the vigorous polishing given by the teeth. The holes of our steel draw-plates are scarcely marked by stricter precision.

The word draw-plate is very apposite: the larva, in fact, effects its deliverance by a wire-drawing operation. Like the brass wire that decreases in size as it passes through an orifice too narrow for its diameter, the grub works its way through the window of the shell by making itself thinner. The wire is drawn forcibly by the workman's pincers or by the rotations of the machine and afterwards retains the reduced diameter which the operation has given

it. The larva knows another method: it draws itself out by its own efforts and, as soon as it is through the hole, resumes its natural bulk. Apart from these differences, the resemblance is striking.

The exit-hole is exactly the same size as the head, which, being stiff and helmeted with horn, does not lend itself to a change of shape. Where the skull has passed, the body must pass, however corpulent it be. When the deliverance is accomplished, it is astonishing to see what a voluminous cylinder, what a fat grub has made its way through the narrow aperture. If you had not witnessed the exodus, you would never suspect such a feat of gymnastics.

The orifice, we were saying, is constructed according to the exact dimensions of the head. Now this inflexible head, on which alone the diameter of the hole was calculated, represents at the most a third of the breadth of the body. How does the treble manage to pass through the single?

Here comes the head, without any difficulty: the door is built to its pattern. The neck follows, a little wider: a slight contraction releases it. Next it is the turn of the chest, of the plump belly. The performance now becomes exceedingly arduous. The creature is without legs. It has nothing, no hooks, no stiff bristles, to provide a support. It is a flabby sausage which, by its own exertions, has to go through that hopelessly disproportionate tunnel.

I do not see what happens within the nut, the inside being hidden by the thickness of the shell; but what I see outside is very simple and tells me what goes on behind the scenes. There is a rush of blood from back to front of the insect; the organic humours shift their place and accumulate in the part that has already emerged, which part swells, dropsically, until it is five or six times the diameter of the head. On the curb of the well a thick pad is thus formed, a belt of energy which, thanks to its distensions and to its own activity, little by little extricates the following segments, which gradually decrease in volume owing to the migration of their fluid contents.

It is a slow and very laborious process. The free end of the creature bends, straightens itself, moves from side to side. Even so do we wriggle a nail to and fro to extract it from its socket. The mandibles yawn wide, close up

again and yawn anew, with no idea of grasping. This is the "Ah-h!" with which the exhausted grub accompanies his efforts, even as the wood-cutter accompanies his blows of the axe.

"Ah-h!" says the worm; and the sausage goes up a peg.

While the extracting pad swells and strains its muscles, the part still in the shell drains itself of its humours to the utmost and sends them rushing into the free portion, thus enabling it to pass through the draw-plate. One more effort of the swollen belt, one more. "Ah-h!" That does it. The worm slips along the shell and drops.

One of the nuts that have just shown me this sight was picked from its branch a few hours ago. The grub therefore would have fallen to the ground from the height of the tree. With all due allowance for the difference in size, a similar fall would have meant a horrible crash to any of us; to the yielding grub, with its supple chine, it means nothing at all. It does not care whether it tumbles into the world from the top of the shrub or makes a peaceful move a little later, when the ripe nut has fallen and is lying on the ground.

As soon as free, it explores the soil without delay within a narrow radius, seeks a spot easy to dig, finds it, roots with its jaws, wriggles its rump and buries itself. A round niche is secured at no great depth by pushing back the dusty earth. Here the cold season will be spent and the vernal resurrection awaited.

Had I the presumption to advise the grub, which knows its Weevil business better than anyone else, I might say:

"To leave the nut now is folly. Later, when joyous April comes round again and when the hazel-tree follows up its catkin-pendants with the pink pistils of its budding fruit, well and good; but just now, in this time of blazing sunshine, which makes the most strenuous strike work, what is the use of abandoning a home where you can sleep so comfortably all through the dead summer season? Where will you find a better lodging than in your nutshell when the autumn rains come and the winter frosts? What more peaceful solitude could you have for the delicate work of the transformation? Besides, it is very dangerous down there: the soil is damp and cold; and the rough earth must be painful to a thin skin like yours. A formidable

enemy lurks there: a fungoid growth which takes root on any buried grub. In my rearing-jars I have much difficulty in protecting the underground larvæ. Sooner or later, the glass sides are covered with white tufts, with cottony sprays the bottom of which enlaces and dries up a poor grub and turns it into a grain of plaster. In the hazel-nut, a healthy cell, free of devastating germs, there is no such danger. Why leave it?"

To these arguments the Weevil replies with a direct refusal. He moves his quarters and he is right. On the ground, where the filbert lies, the first thing to be dreaded is the Field-mouse, a great hoarder of nuts. He collects in his stone-heap all that he comes across on his nocturnal rounds; then at his leisure, with a patient tooth, he makes a hole in the shell and extracts the kernel through it. A filbert, when found, is welcomed as a most tasty morsel. If emptied by the Weevil, it is all the more precious: instead of its usual contents, it holds the grub, a fat sausage which makes a pleasant change in the farinaceous diet. Therefore, for fear of the Field-mouse, we go underground.

A still more serious reason recommends departure. True, it would be good to sleep in the impregnable stronghold of the hazel-nut; but it is also right to think of the liberation of the coming insect. The grub of the Capricorn, throwing prudence to the winds, leaves the interior of the oak and comes out to the surface to expose itself to the searching eye of the Woodpecker; it migrates to the danger-zone in order to prepare an exit-road for the long-horned Beetle, who is not capable of clearing a passage for himself.

A similar precaution is necessary for the Weevil-grub. While in possession of his full strength of jaw, without waiting for the sleep during which the accumulated fat will be melted down into the new organism, he pierces the coffer whence the adult insect would be incapable of emerging by its own efforts; he comes out and buries himself in the ground. He wisely provides for the future; from the present excavation the full-grown insect will be able to ascend to the light of day without impediment.

If the Weevil took her final shape in the nut, we were saying, she would be incapable of effecting her own deliverance. Nevertheless, she succeeds quite well in perforating the shell with her gimlet when it is a matter of housing the

egg. Why should she be unable to do from within what she is able to do from without? A moment's reflection shows the enormous difficulty. To place the egg in position, a narrow little channel, no wider than the drill, is sufficient. To provide a passage for the stiff adult, Weevil would require a relatively enormous opening. The matter to be pierced is hard, so much so that the larva, with the powerful chisels of its mandibles, bores only just enough to put its head through. The rest of the creature has to follow by dint of exhausting efforts.

How could the insect, with its delicate weapon, manage to open a wide enough door for itself, when the much better-equipped grub labours so hard to contrive a moderate-sized port-hole? Might it not force out a disk of the requisite diameter by means of perforations arranged in a circle? Possibly it could, at a pinch, with a prodigious expenditure of patience, a quality in which the insect is not deficient. But length of time is not enough in this case: inside the nut, the use of the boring-tool is absolutely impracticable. It is so long that, in order to insert it from the outside, at the point to be attacked, the Weevil is obliged to stand erect. This position and the alternate twisting and turning are impossible for want of space under the low ceiling of the shell. However patient she may be, and however sharp the point of her dagger, the Weevil would die in her casket, being prevented from using her drill by the narrow dimensions of the dwelling. She would perish a victim to the length of her implement, which is excellent for placing the egg but would be in the way if the prisoner had to toil for her own deliverance.

It is probable that, with a beak of less extravagant dimensions, a mere short, stout punch, the Weevil, while still in the larval stage, would not abandon the hazel-nut, notwithstanding the menace of the Field-mouse. It is a delightful laboratory for the recasting of the metamorphosis. The shell, it is true, lies on the surface of the ground, unprotected, exposed to the driving wind. But what matters cold, so long as one is dry? The insect is not much afraid of the frost. Its sweet slumber is all the sounder when the torpor due to a low temperature is added to the torpor of the approaching new birth.

I am persuaded of it: if she carried a less cumber-

some drill, the Weevil would not move out the moment that she had consumed the kernel of her nut. My conviction is based on the habits of other Weevils, in particular of *Gymnetron thapsicola*, GERM., who lives on the capsules of a certain mullein, the *Verbascum thapsus*, or shepherd's club, a regular denizen of cultivated land. These capsules, though smaller, provide quarters almost equal to the hazel-nut. They are arranged in stout pods, formed of two pieces fastened close together, without any opening. A small-sized and humbly-attired Weevil takes possession of them in May and June and lodges her larva there, which larva gnaws the placenta of the fruit, laden with unripe seeds.

In August the plant is withered, scorched by the sun, but still erect and surmounted with its spike of capsules. Open some of these pods, which are almost as firm as a cherry-stone. The Weevil is there in the adult state. Open them in winter: the Gymnetron has not gone out. Open them, for the last time, in April: the tiny Weevil is still at home.

Meanwhile, near by, new mulleins have sprung up; they are in flower, their pods are ripe: this is the moment to sally forth and establish a family. Thereupon the solitary demolishes her hermitage, the capsule which has protected her so well. And why? The reason is quite simple. Her rostrum is a short bradawl, easily wielded even in the confined space of a cell. Besides, the pod is not so very tough. It is an envelope of dry parchment, rather than a hard wooden fence. The recluse drives in her short-handled spike: a thrust, a few blows and the wall crumbles like plaster. And now hurrah for the joys of the sun; hurrah for the yellow flowers, with their stamens bristling with violet hairs!

In view of their respective tools—in the one case of exaggerated length under a very low ceiling, in the other of a shortness matching the space available in the home—are they not both of them well-inspired: the first in leaving the nut prematurely, while the grub's powerful shears allow of it; and the second in staying on for three-quarters of the year in the security of her pod, leaving it only when the time arrives for her nuptials on the friendly plant? Thus do we see the smallest of living things display the unerring logic of instinct.

Humour in Tragedy*

By Sir Herbert Tree

When you honoured me by making me your president for the year 1915, and when I chose for my address "The Importance of Humour in Tragedy," I little thought of the ironic application of that title to the conditions which surround us to-day. "This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof;" for assuredly the importance of humour was never so great as now, the most momentous moment of the world's history.

At the very hour when the new religion of humanity seemed to be knocking at the gates of the world's conscience; when the dreams of idealists, the humanising influence of the arts were asserting their sway, and the vanities of potentates and tyrants were being swept away to the dustheap of antiquity; when the light of a new civilisation seemed to be quivering on the horizon—at that very hour was the world plunged into darkness, at that very hour was it hurled back past the Middle Ages, and on the vacant throne of Right sits Folly smiling at Chaos. At this time it is only the force and calm of humour which can stay us from crossing the borderland which separates despair from madness. But for humour we should go mad. Sanity is humour.

In this spirit, here are you, ladies and gentlemen, assembled to listen to an address by a player philosophising on the importance of humour in tragedy.

If the quality of humour is important in comedy, it is, I venture to say, yet more important in tragedy, whether it be in the tragedy of life or in the tragedy of the theatre.

Were I asked what companion I would choose to start on life's journey in quest of happiness, I would unhesitatingly summon to my side humour—humour, the darling love-child of intelligence. As instinct is greater than learning, as intelligence is greater than intellect, so is humour greater than wit. Wit has its birth in the head of intellect,

* Lecture delivered by Sir Herbert Tree at Birmingham on October 21st.

humour in the heart of intelligence. Humour is the power of self-criticism—it enables us to estimate men and events at their true value. It is the touchstone which distinguishes the real from the sham in art. As in art so in life. Humour helps us to bear with injustice, to laugh at pretension, to behave with modesty in success, and to face adversity with calm. The man who has this quality will not lose his dignity in emergency. In the great tragedy of life's end he will meet even Death with a smile. It always seems to me that there is a fine spirit of humour in the famous epitaph in Hull churchyard on the grave of one Martin Elginbrod :

> "Here lie I, Martin Elginbrod,
> Have mercy on my soul, O God,
> As I would if I were God
> And thou wert Martin Elginbrod."

People are too apt to treat God as if He were a minor royalty.

I take it that the main object of man is to find happiness—each after his own fashion. By happiness I do not mean pleasure, for which it is sometimes mistaken—indeed, in pursuing the phantom of pleasure we often lose the substance of happiness. Happiness is a condition of the mind, and does not depend on conditions of pleasure. It is in ourselves, it is a kind of self-hypnotism. Humour helps us to attain this condition of mind which we call content. Some will find happiness in a debauch of pessimism—they "enjoy bad health," as the charwoman said. Persons of a certain order of mind will extract a perverse kind of joy from attending the funeral of a complete stranger. Such an event becomes a holiday treat to the born pessimist. To what base uses do the poor resort in quest of happiness—but I suppose the only joy of life vouchsafed to many of these is the cessation of pain. Thank God, the toiling masses are given to-day greater opportunities of human joys than in the "good old days" when their nearest approach to sweetness and light was to be found in the public-house.

Humour being an attitude of mind, it can to a certain extent be developed—given the seed it can be cultivated. I remember a valued friend once said, "Life is a mirror—smile at it and it will smile back, frown at it and it will frown again."

Children should be taught lessons in happiness: that, for instance, it is not a sin to be joyous, any more than it is a virtue to be miserable. A kind of Pagan spirituality has of late years taken the place of the "Fee, fi, fo, fum" brimstone teaching of our Victorian childhood—though I confess that long before I had ceased to crack nuts with my teeth I had given up the doctrine of "open your mouth and shut your eyes."

It may at once be granted that like every other precious force (like radium and electricity) the force of humour can be misapplied, and so become dangerous; it is undeniable, too, that an absence of humour will enable men to reach the goal of their ambition more quickly, for they who see only what is immediately in front of their noses will often outstrip in the race those who are hampered with humour and the sensitiveness and love of life which that humour implies. The earnest worldling keeps his eye on his main chance, blinkered to the life that passes him, and sallies forth on his way undismayed by snubs, impervious to criticism, undaunted by ridicule, deaf to the song of the siren, unmindful of the by-lanes where primroses beckon the passer-by to linger in pleasant dalliance.

> "A primrose by the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

"And what in the name of common sense should it be more?" exclaims the man in the street—who is generally the man *of* the street. There let us leave him.

Certainly humour may be a clog in the game of life. On the other hand, he who is gifted with it will laugh at the bludgeonings of fate. The man who yields to the assaults of adversity is often stronger than he who offers them a rigid resistance. Iron breaks, steel bends and recovers its equipoise.

Humour assuages pain, though I am bound to say I have found it inefficacious in toothache or in seasickness. Thus we see that philosophy has its limitations. Our humour is apt to stop short at ourselves—that is the tragedy of life. The misfortunes of others we bear more philosophically. The supreme test of humour is in its personal application. It is the quintessence of humour which enables a man to laugh at himself and gives him his highest

dignity, for he who can laugh at himself must needs be gifted with a tolerance, a pity for others. None so sensitive to criticism as those whose business it is to ridicule others. True humour is rarely cruel, cruelty and sarcasm belong rather to the domain of wit. Nothing will appeal to an audience's sense of the ridiculous so much as the fall of the decrepit pantaloon on the butter-slide prepared by the wily clown. But that is not humour.

A homely illustration of the difference between wit and humour came within my knowledge. I have two friends—one a wit, the other a humourist. They were staying at a country inn and retired to their rooms in high spirits. A. conceived the brilliant idea of changing all the boots that were put outside along the passage. He did so. (That was wit.) B. thought of the inconvenience that this derangement would entail on the victims of his friend's ingenuity, and without telling A., lest he should deprive him of his triumph, changed all the boots back to their rightful owner's doors. (That was humour.) You will say these are not brilliant examples of wit or humour—you are right. 'Tis but a homespun fable.

Humour, like love, cannot be bought—it is common to the peasant and the king, to the prelate and the 'bus-conductor. Between those who have it there exists a kind of freemasonry—it is the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. I believe that humour is unofficially and secretly possessed by both political parties. I remember sitting at a table at which were gathered distinguished men—Conservatives and Liberals. Turning to my neighbour I said: "Is it not curious that all these sitting here appear to think alike to-night on every conceivable subject, while in their public utterances they differ so violently?" "Yes," replied my friend, "but this is our holiday. Here we are allowed to speak the truth, for humour is in the chair—*and there are no reporters.*" In public life nothing is so suspect as humour. Perhaps that is why so many lecturers scruple to tell the truth in public.

One blessing the war has brought to us—the abolition of parties. I have never been able to understand why parties should exist. If every man acted according to his conscience, clarified by humour, there would be no necessity for the barbed red-tape entanglements which divided

Englishmen in deadly enmity. If a plain man ventured before the war to express a merely human opinion on some great social question which came within the range of politics, he was liable to be dubbed a "ruddy Radical" on the one side or a "gory Tory" on the other. A common cause and a common humour unites all classes in a great brotherhood to-day.

Is humour possessed by the greatest statesmen, the greatest thinkers, the greatest conquerors of the world? In the course of my remarks I shall be so bold as to attempt to grapple with this fascinating problem. But first, it is necessary to arrive at a definition of humour, for I believe there are many. Humour at its highest is, I take it, a nice balance of the mind, an intellectual poise. It is an attitude towards life and all that pertains to it—the faculty of regarding the events of life philosophically, the habit of looking at things with a certain tolerance, a restrained gaiety. Wisdom is thought, plus humour.

A sense of humour would paralyse the arm of the murderer, and prevent its possessor from embarking upon a deliberate career of wholesale wreckage and destruction. His sanity would revolt against the idea of conduct in man which would be reprobated in most of his fellow animals in the Zoological Gardens. The person gifted with humour will feel that if it is wrong to kill one man, it is ten thousand times more wrong to kill ten thousand men. But this logic has not yet reached the legislators of the world—in international affairs Christianity and humour go to the wall at the bidding of expediency. If the divine right of humour were bestowed on monarchs there would have been no war. To stop the madness of war even the ties of royal blood-relationship are unavailing—blood is thicker than water, but gold is thicker than blood. Beware when monarchs kiss!—soon comes the tug of war.

It is a fact, which I have observed in life, that all madmen are singularly deficient in the quality of humour. I have noticed that an inordinate conceit characterises that sad state. I presume it is because the sense of proportion is distorted. Persons without a sense of humour always write long letters; and I have noticed, too, that all madmen write letters of more than four pages. I will not venture to assert that all persons who write more

than four-paged letters are mad. Still, the symptom should be watched.

One of the most alarming signs of insanity, it has often seemed to me, is that of writing to the newspapers (invariably more than four written pages) to prove that Hamlet was mad, and that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Yet the same writers who scorn the idea that Hamlet pretended to be mad, generally assert with equal vehemence that Shakespeare pretended to write the works of Bacon. I am satisfied that many of the learned commentators have only been kept out of lunatic asylums by the energy which they have expended in the harmless occupation of discussing these two kindred subjects in print. In many cases it has proved a most valuable safety-valve.

Though the subject of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy is somewhat musty, I will ask you to bear with me while I wander down a bye-lane of parenthesis in order to prove to my own entire satisfaction that, tested by the touchstone of humour, the Bacon theory vanishes into the air. If there is one quality which characterises the writings of Shakespeare more than another it is humour. He cannot resist it—it is irresistible. Humour, like murder, will out. Had Bacon humour? I think not.

Bacon had learning, Shakespeare not much. But he had instinct. Some people are born educated; Shakespeare inherited the knowledge of his forefathers, and he possessed an unexampled power of assimilating all that came in his way. He made precisely the mistakes that Bacon would never have made. Book-learning is not wisdom. Shakespeare himself ridicules this most whimsically in "Love's Labour's Lost":—

> "Study is like the Heaven's glorious sun
> That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks;
> Small have continual plodders ever won
> Save base authority from others' books."

The King replies:—

> "How well he is read to reason against reading!"

How small a thing is education save for those who have the imagination to illuminate it. Too much reading is certainly a hindrance to the development of the imagination. Instead of giving birth to original thoughts, the man

who has only reading gets to think by quotation—he relies on the cold storage of memory.

Many years ago I met at the house of a friend an eminent cryptogrammatist who had written a work proving by algebra that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. I made so bold as to ask him whether Bacon wrote the Shakespeare Sonnets. He replied that his case rested on that certainty. I pointed out to him that while it was conceivable that Francis Bacon, for political reasons, did not wish to acknowledge the authorship of the plays, it was inconceivable that in the outpourings of his soul in the Sonnets he should call himself "Your own sweet will," constantly punning on the Christian-name of his paid "ghost"—the vulgar poacher and butcher-actor.

Again, look here upon this picture and on this: Could he who had proved himself a heartless advocate, who sacrificed the Earl of Essex, and after the grave had closed over him published a vile attack upon his dead friend and benefactor, "like wrath in death and envy afterwards." Could he whose meanness was aggravated by respectability, who had paddled long in the putrescent puddles of politics, till right and wrong were merged in the melting-pot of expediency—could he have written the Sonnet beginning "Tired of all these, for restful death I cry"?

Is there in any of Bacon's works one hint of this sweet humour, this noble scorn, this glowing melancholy which breathes throughout the works of Shakespeare? I think not. Writers more dissimilar than these two cannot be found. There is one thing quite certain, that if Bacon wrote Shakespeare, then Shakespeare must have written Bacon!

But to return to my text. In its essentials, the oil of humour is the same throughout the world as is the essential vinegar of wit; but each nationality has its own characteristic humour, and though it is perhaps pre-eminently developed in the Anglo-Saxon race, I have found it in the Arab and the Japanese. The Japanese are a peculiarly smiling people. There is a Japanese proverb which says, "A melancholy face is stung by the bees." Another Japanese proverb contains excellent advice to intending suicides: "When you take poison, don't lick the plate."

Humour is everywhere; it can be picked off the hedges

of the highway. A gipsy was asked by a friend of mine, "How do you decide which way to go next?" "I turn my back to the wind," replied the gipsy. Yes; humour is a gipsy—it has no country; though there *are* Englishmen who deny true merit to the humour of America, whose peculiarly attractive characteristic is that it leaves something to the imagination of the listener. A curious instance of this British intolerance was given me by a brilliant American friend. A stolid Englishman was his guest, and would listen to the American's prolific anecdotage with the mild and surprised courtesy of fatigue. On his way to the station at the conclusion of his visit, the Englishman, while thanking his host for his hospitality, confided to him that he deeply regretted that he had been unable to appreciate the characteristic humour with which the American had sought to outvie the Englishman's brilliant flashes of silence.

"Now tell me," said the taciturn Saxon, "one story which you really consider a true sample of American humour and I give you my word of honour as an English gentleman that I will do my best to appreciate it."

My American friend drew up his dogcart and proceeded: "Well, it was a rainy Sunday at St. Louis and the public houses were shut. A stranger stood on the corner of the street wanting to post a letter home. 'Do you know where the post office is?' he inquired of a passer-by. 'Yes,' replied the man, and walked on. But on reflection he took pity on his fellow-man, and retraced his steps to the place where the stranger was still standing in the rain, disconsolately whistling to the wind. 'Do you really want to know where the post office is?' he asked. 'No,' said the stranger, and walked on."

"Well," said the Englishman, "I think they were both extremely rude." There ensued a silence so deep that you could almost hear it.

In life humour enables us to rate ourselves and our own acts at their true value; it helps us to discount flattery. Flattery makes the great little, the little never great. "Oh, that men should be to counsel deaf, but not to flattery." We are none of us entirely proof against flattery, which is the cheapest form of bribery; it is largely employed by lower organisms as a means of self-propulsion. Flattery is a passport to the human heart; few of us can resist its

gilded key. I have known people of quite mediocre intelligence who have managed to succeed in life by judicious flattery.

Humour teaches us many things—it teaches us the equality of man—the true gentleman is he whose courtesy is not regulated by his interests. The "*grand seigneur*" has the same manner for the great and for the little. But here again humour has its penalties, for the man who has the same manner for the duchess as for the dairymaid is apt to lay himself open to misconstruction at the hands of both sections of the community. Of course, it is only good manners to treat those in high places with a certain courtliness, lest they should feel uncomfortable—on the same principle that you sign yourself in a letter to an enemy, "Your most obedient servant." An acquaintance of mine was once talking to a personage who was not overburdened with intellect. A friend drew him aside and said, "I noticed that when you were talking to that eminent immaterialist you showed a deference strangely out of keeping with your social views." For the moment the other was taken aback. "But," he explained, "it was not really snobbishness, it was just courtesy. I was only endeavouring to hide from him that I considered myself greatly his superior." It is well to consider even the mistaken conventionalities of one's fellowmen, for to respect the prejudices of others is the first law of citizenship. Besides, it is very expensive to be a rebel—in reforming the world we are liable to hit our heads against the brick wall of human nature—and it is the head and not the wall that bleeds!

One should be sparing in the use of humour.

Humour is the onion of the human salad; and like the onion it should only be half-suspected. The very possession of this quality will prevent its too frequent use. Good wine should not be wasted—it should not be uncorked to those who gulp it down unthinkingly. In the same way it is dangerous to tell a story against yourself to those who have not humour, for they will always use it as evidence against you.

Flippancy is not humour. There are few things more tragic in life than to be a "funny man." Many a man learns to his cost that it is undesirable to stand on his head in the street too long and too often.

Like every other natural force humour should be man's slave and not his master.

If humour is important as a guide in life, it is not less potent a factor in art. In art humour is our best critic—it guards us from exaggeration. Tragedy, even more than comedy, needs this sweet sanity to hold us in check. Humour is the tingling sense which stays us from overstepping the modesty of nature and prevents us from thinking out of tune—it is the delicate ear of the mind. It exercises the quality of restraint in tragedy: thus we avoid bathos. The man who pities himself is not a heroic figure. In art or in life one should never weep in the soup. In comedy humour guards us from degenerating into caricature. In the comedian humour is not so essential as it is in the tragedian, for a funny personality, an awkward gait, an impediment of speech, are often a substitute for comic genius. We are so liable to mistake for a gift of God what is, after all, only a visitation of providence.

Humour in comedy guards us from degenerating into buffoonery. This, of course, applies also to pictorial art. Nor should one allow one's sense of humour to run away with one's sense of the fitness of things. The originators of Futurism are overburdened with humour. They have too much—their disciples too little. A great deal of nonsense is always talked about new art—there is no such thing as new art. There are always two kinds of art—good art and bad art. There is a certain difference between Art and Science. Science is always advancing upward in a straight line—Art moves in a circle—or shall I say as a fountain which, when it reaches its height, drops back into its basin and thence rises again.

There has been no "advance," for instance, in the art of sculpture—that of the Greeks cannot be excelled. Literature has not "advanced"—it is simply good or bad. The same may be said of acting.

To hold the mirror up to nature, at the flattering angle of art, that is the business of the actor—according to Shakespeare, whose own text-book was nature. In tragedy we had, of course, the stentorian actor whose vocality was his chief stock-in-trade; but the merely outwardly equipped player has no abiding influence with the public nowadays. The critical will often be captured by technique, but the

public have an intuition beyond the outward flourishes of artifice. In acting the brain and the heart must be as the negative and positive poles. Instructed by the book of nature an actor should be able to play comedy or tragedy at will. Novelli, the Italian actor, for instance, will play a tragedy and a farce on the same night. David Garrick and Edmund Kean were said to be equally good in comedy and in tragedy. Apart from the artistic advantage of the actor varying his part, there is one aspect which is not, I think, sufficiently recognised—the exercise of dramatic art as a pleasure to the player—a pleasure quite as great, I venture to think, as grouse shooting, horse racing, football, fly-fishing, or even bezique. It is certainly a most healthy occupation, probably because it engages the body and the mind at the same time. Especially is it a privilege to be prized above the substantial reward that is often bountifully bestowed upon us, to recite the words of Shakespeare upon the stage : to the actor who is lifted above himself in giving utterance to the poet's soaring words, it is a joy to be upborne on their wings into the heights of imagination and emotion, to live for the time being in the rare ether half-way between earth and heaven as in an airship of the mind. In his highest moments, too, it may be his privilege to communicate his own ecstasy to his listeners. To speak the words of Hamlet, for example, with all the illusion and the mystery of the scene is something to live for.

During the war, it is but natural that classic drama, in common with all the arts, should be in abeyance—for art is essentially a pastime of peace—it can only flourish in repose.

The theatre, which had become a strong factor in the life of a nation, is now chiefly devoted to frankly funny plays and *revues*. We try to forget the horrors of the day in the frivolities of the night. Shakespeare is for the time being under a war-cloud. Nor is one curious as to serious music or pictorial art, or the art of the sculptor. What occupation would there be to-day for Benvenuto Cellini unless it were to chase designs on explosive shells?

To-day we all realise our infinite insignificance, we feel there is something more important than ourselves, and that is the nation. There is something more important

than the nation, and that is the world. There is something more important than the present, and that is Eternity. For that Eternity we are fighting. With the advent of peace, Art will once more come into its own.

The actors' art, which has many drawbacks, has also its great compensations.

The actor, like the orator, is twice blessed, for he not only gives but takes from his hearers—he draws their vitality into himself and gives it back again. I am sure that this "give and take" exists between the actor and his audience. The actor has this advantage over the orator—that he is not rendered self-conscious by speaking his own words. I suppose all but the greatest speakers feel this self-consciousness (I know I feel it in my humble capacity as lecturer to-day). The orator is apt to be hampered by his own periods, whereas the actor is not ashamed to be inspired by those of the poet, and carried away by their eloquence he can throw himself subjectively into the passion and nobility of the scene. And so he lives in his artistic life the lives of great and noble men. It would be interesting to debate to what extent this exercise influences his own life and develops his own character—but that is another story.

In confirmation of what I have said of the psychology of audiences, I may refer to the presidential address given here by the late Alfred Lyttelton, a man of high aims and achievement and a devoted friend of the stage. Mr. Lyttelton quoted Mr. Gladstone as saying: "The work of the orator is cast in the mould offered by the mind of his hearers. It is an influence principally received from his audience (so to speak) in vapour, which he pours back upon them in flood." Mr. Gladstone was himself, of course, a great orator, and had that power of self-excitation which made the waves of his passion vibrate in his audience—he had, in fact, the histrionic gift in an extraordinary degree. If that statesman lacked something of ultimate greatness it was that he fell short of the humour with which his great opponent Disraeli was gifted so supremely. It was with the shafts of his humour that Disraeli made his great effects with deadly certainty.

It is with humour that a truth is often thrust home more poignantly than by the most vehement invective. In litera-

ture the quality of humour is of transcendent value; by its light should one always correct one's proof sheets. Especially is it valuable in the literature of our own day.

Our quick life calls for greater brevity of expression; there is no room for the rolling periods of our forefathers in these days of hurry and stress, of telegraphs and telephones and taxis. The modern author will often concentrate in one vibrant passage of humour the long-drawn rhetoric with which his predecessors would have embroidered the same thought.

It has been said that no great man ever had a sense of humour—I imagine this dictum emanates from those who were themselves devoid of the quality they despised. In literature certainly it is difficult to find any really great writer who does not possess humour, unless it be the solitary case of Milton; but it may be claimed that he would have been the greater for its possession—even as Shakespeare was.

The humour of tragedy is strongly evidenced in the irony of the Greek dramatists. Sophocles must have possessed it in a supreme degree. Had the author of *Oedipus* not been so blessed, he assuredly could not have shown us that perhaps the most tremendous of all tragedies without crossing the borderland that separates awe from disgust. In the presence of a great work of art we must exclaim "Ah!"—never "Ugh!" In *Oedipus* the audience is in the secret of the author who withheld it from his hero. A distinguished writer once said to me (and it is an admirable rule for the aspiring dramatist): "The moment the actors on the stage know as much as the audience, the play is at an end." The Greek tragic writers in their irony were perhaps more guided by humour than were the writers of comedy—Aristophanes, I venture to think, was more remarkable for his wit than his humour—just as Molière was greater in humour than in wit. Dante, who relegated several of his living contemporaries to Hell, surely showed signs of humour in tragedy. In Scripture there are, of course, isolated instances of humour. Ibsen is charged with humour. Notably do we find it in Dr. Stockmann in the last act of "The Enemy of the People." In the pitiful tragedy of poor Stockmann's failure our hero still remains tactlessly buoyant. Bleeding

and torn, he cries: "A man should never put on his best trousers when he goes out to battle for truth and freedom!" While we laugh, we have a supreme pity for this battered altruist.

Dickens's muse, again, overflows with humour—witness the death of Barkis. Three of the greatest creations of the world's humour are really tragic—Micawber, Colonel Newcome, and Don Quixote. None of these characters has humour—their appeal to our sense of humour consists in their lack of it. Mr. Micawber is, of course, tragically devoid of humour—he takes himself seriously in every comic situation in which he is placed. It is the paradox that makes us laugh. Colonel Newcome, though observed with a tender humour by Thackeray, is himself lacking in that quality. The pathos of the character is that he does not descend to self-pity. How infinitely touching is the scene in which the Colonel attempts to sing "Wapping Old Stairs." By the bye, what a sublime touch of humour is the "Adsum" in the Colonel's death. In Don Quixote, again, the infinite humour is entirely unconscious. Without it there would be no tragedy in these three masterpieces of character. One might multiply such instances indefinitely; but in the brief traffic of a lecture, I must be sparing. I will content myself with one great example.

Of all writers he whose works are most charged with an all-informing, all-pervading humour is William Shakespeare, alike in his comic as in his tragic creations. In *Hamlet*, for instance, the firmament of tragedy is made blacker by the jewels of humour with which it is bestarred. Bear with me while I linger for a while on this theme, which is as dear to me as any. The first words Hamlet sighs forth are in the nature of a pun:

"A little more than kin and less than kind."

The King proceeds: "How is it that the clouds still hang on you?" "Not so, my lord; I am too much in the sun," says Hamlet, toying with grief. Again, after the ghost leaves, Hamlet in a tornado of passionate verbiage gives way to humour. Then he proceeds to think too precisely on the event. But for his humour Hamlet would have killed the King in the first act. It was this very

humour, this seeing all sides of a question which may be said to have been Hamlet's undoing.

"There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

He cannot help dallying with humour in his searching cross-examination of Polonius. Again, with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern does he indulge his elfin spirit; then away runs his imagination to delight in a dissertation on the players' calling. His contemplation of life becomes almost more important than its actuality—he himself has his fling at the actor's art. Immediately after, in the speech beginning, "Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I," he stops to laugh at himself and the bloody business of life. He sees too much, and, seeing too much, he does too little. "A great man's memory," he says in the acted murder scene, "A great man's memory may outlive his life by half a year, *but by'r Lady he must build churches then*"! Then, instead of killing the King right off he revels in the mimicry of madness. His imagination, with his humour in attendance, is his Nemesis. Even in the graveyard scene he must, perforce, sit on the perilous safety-valve of his humour. He knows his own weakness. *His* humour unhappily did not stop short at himself. There is almost a divinity in his blague when he addresses Yorick's skull. He had too much of that of which the slaughtering conqueror has too little. Even in dying, he breaks into a sweet irony of humour, in meeting the "fell serjeant death." "The rest is silence." Hamlet ends as he began, in humour's minor key. Here is the humour of tragedy with a vengeance. Poor Hamlet, too much humour had'st thou for this harsh world!

But, indeed, most of Shakespeare's great male creations are gilded with humour, conscious or unconscious; notably Shylock, Falconbridge, Caliban, Timon of Athens, Henry V., Hotspur, Marc Antony, and the two Richards. Richard II. is, I cannot help thinking, the literary progenitor of Hamlet. In both these characters there is much of Shakespeare's own contemplative, versatile nature. There is in both of these the same wayward humour that peeps out in Feste, the fool of *Twelfth Night*. Here, again, in a comedy character is the wood note sad and wild of Shakespeare. "Come away, come away, death," sings the Clown —it is humour in tragedy and tragedy in humour.

Throughout *Richard II.* there is this same melodic humour. When Richard is utterly crestfallen and self-vanquished he revels in humour, laughing at himself and his state. After railing against the false friends who have betrayed him, he sinks down upon the grass to make sport of the divine right of Kings.

Here assuredly again we have the importance of humour in tragedy.

Macbeth, another great tragic figure, is, of course, devoid of those glimpses of humour so dear to the poet. But we have again a notable instance of the importance of humour in tragedy in the introduction of the drunken porter, to add a deeper hue to the terror of the scene of murder that follows.

There is another example in *Romeo and Juliet* of the value of humour in tragedy. I refer to the death of Mercutio. Speaking of his death wound, Mercutio says: "'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve, ask for me to-morrow and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me. I have it, and soundly too; your houses!" and Mercutio dies with a laugh in his throat. I may also instance the tragic fall of that Emperor of Humorists, Falstaff. After the King had degraded Falstaff publicly, and had gone on his way, the fat knight, whose life was wrecked, merely turned to Master Shallow and said: "Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds." Then, too, we have Marc Antony, whom Shakespeare endows with rich humour. In *Antony and Cleopatra* he, of course, has the joy of life to a criminal extent.

And in the play of Cæsar, what an understanding of the mob does Antony reveal in his dealing with the motley crowd. To Brutus, to Cassius, and to Cæsar, Shakespeare purposely denies the gift of humour, though Casca (a kind of Labouchere of the period) has it richly. Indeed, Shakespeare appears to have a grudge against the conqueror Cæsar, whom he makes a conceited and bombastic person, good enough perhaps to conquer the world, but sitting intellectually below the salt of humour. This hatred of the tyrant by the poet is not unnatural.

After Cæsar's death Antony lovingly mourns over his

dead friend; the conspirators turn on him; but for all the passion of his grief, above Antony's head there hovers the imp Humour, and, aided by this second consciousness, he wilily plays upon the murderers of Cæsar as he subsequently plays like an artist upon his instrument the mob, or as an adroit conductor will dominate his orchestra. Antony wins by humour; while Brutus wins by the want of it, for he deceives even himself—he wins by blind steadfastness of purpose—by character, and character is destiny. Shakespeare, the all-sided, recognised and admired the strong single-purposed man of action.

This brings me to the question as to the possession or non-possession of humour by great men. As I suggested a little while ago, humour may be a help or a clog in life. Many great men have been without it. I think it may be broadly stated that men of action, the great destroyers, the men who take, are as a rule devoid of humour; while men of imagination and contemplation, those who create, who give, *have* the gift of humour.

Among those pre-eminently gifted with humour are:—Abraham Lincoln, Disraeli, Goethe and Heine, the late Lord Salisbury, Arthur Balfour, Dickens, Thackeray, Fielding, Shakespeare, Queen Elizabeth, Henry VIII., Charles II., Dr. Johnson, Charles Lamb, Emerson, and Byron.

Ladies and gentlemen, I could enlarge upon this theme until *your* eyelids would no longer wag. But I will content myself with contrasting as typical examples of the yea and nay of humour two of the world's greatest men—Shakespeare and Napoleon: the arch-creator and the arch-destroyer. I take it that the greatness of a man must be gauged by his output for good—the measure of his greatness is, in fact, in proportion to what he gives to the world, his lack of greatness by what he takes or destroys. Shakespeare gave an abiding joy, one that will contribute to the happiness, the education, and the ennobling of mankind throughout the ages, "in states unborn and accents yet unknown"; Napoleon, on the other hand, took from mankind millions of lives and set humanity wailing. What of his work remains behind? The flower of France was destroyed and the French race is suffering to this day from the depletion it suffered at the hands of a would-be ruler of the

globe. Shakespeare enriched the world, Napoleon impoverished it. Which is the greater, the giver or the taker-away? The Poet or the Emperor? The man of humour, or the man of worldly ambition? Shakespeare with humour, or Napoleon without? Napoleon was somewhat of a vulgarian with a mighty brain—and sane to the core; but he lacked humour. He may have had the imagination to visualise the terrors of the war and the suffering he inflicted on mankind—he did not possess the humour to ask himself: "Is this worth while?" And he might have been the head of a great Republic with a Government which should have been the model of the world. As it was he died in exile and misery; while Shakespeare, who was content to employ his genius in comparative obscurity, died at Stratford-on-Avon in sweet content, let us hope. The game is not worth the candle of fame.

Is it not time that the great ones of the earth learned the lesson, or were made to learn the lesson, which the religion of humanity teaches?

It is difficult to think of the Emperor Napoleon without thinking of the Emperor Wilhelm. The resemblance between these two great criminals is not one of person, for two men could hardly be more unlike; the likeness is in their monstrous ambition.

Before the war, Wilhelm II. had always appeared to me as the best thing made in modern Germany—not the Germany whose rich soul gave us philosophy, and freedom of thought, and great music: but the modern materialistic Germany—the Germany laid low by luxury. To the *nouveau riche*, nothing is so disconcerting as luxury. They say that decadence is a product of peace. Is this wholly true? In modern Germany the foul weed of decadence has grown with the growth of a military materialism. They say that war is noble. Has the military spirit ennobled the German nation? No; it has murdered the soul of Germany.

The Kaiser seemed a link with the old Germany—the Germany of Goethe, of Beethoven, and of Wagner. He appeared to be an idealist; his eloquence, the man himself, seemed to possess a certain ethical glow, a mediæval splendour of feudal egoism—a sincere "I am I," a true believer in himself and his God whom he made in his own image. Every man has the God he deserves. Had he had the

imagination to see that his true *rôle* was to place himself in front of mankind as the champion of peace, he would have gained an immortality above all conquerors; he would have gone down the ages as the temporal saviour of mankind. But the temptation of earthly glory was too great.

Between Wilhelm and his predecessor, Frederick the Great, there is a certain affinity. That remarkable monarch once spoke these words of frank and brutal self-revelation (I am quoting from Macaulay): "Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day; and I decided for war." Who could contemplate the self-wrought carnage of this war, and see the lives of millions sacrificed without taking his own? What is the force that enables this man to distribute iron crosses; to adjust his unhallowed halo of divine right? What is it that enables him still to pose as the Vice-gerent of God? I know what it is—it is the calm of a madman. It is the negation of humour. He must still go forward, for the way back is barred by the dead.

> "I am in blood stepp'd in so far
> That, should I wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

We must fight on, for our enemy is Cæsarism—Kaiserism. It behoves every man and every woman in this land to lend a hand to help to conquer the enemy, for if the Allies were beaten then would prevail the most terrible tyranny known to mankind—the Prussification of the world. The soul of Germany lies stricken—the German Geist is in its death-throes. The Kaiser lacked the divine humour, that humour which divine right cannot confer, to know the spirit of England—he who might have been the greatest monarch of the world is now only its greatest criminal. Yet what a little, little dividing line there is between victory and glory on the one hand, and defeat and disgrace on the other. Let us be frank. Had it not been for the intervention of England, the German Emperor might be acclaimed as the greatest man in history—only one little human speck put out of gear the great war machine, the most wonderful piece of work the ingenuity of mankind has ever achieved—on which not only the genius, but the resources, the wealth accumulated by the toiling commerce of Germany have been lavished. On this machine hundreds of millions have

been squandered. If half this wasted ingenuity, half this spilt genius, had been devoted to the making of a peace machine, the peace of the world would have been assured for the next five hundred years—and by that time humanity would have lost the habit of war.

We are assured that our remote ancestors had tails. They were no doubt as proud of these appendages as we are of mere glittering decorations. Gradually these tails fell into disuse; men would be ashamed to wear them to-day; let us hope the day will come when they will be equally ashamed to kill their fellow-men. Let us make haste to prepare for the Day. I was lately talking with a friend. "After the war," said he, "nothing will change. We shall just sit under a tree, smoke a pipe, and say, 'Thank God, that's over.' And all will be the same again." I hope that may not be so. Let there be no peace-slackers!

It is not force only, nor force mainly, that rules the world. Look at South Africa—contrast its recent history with that of Alsace-Lorraine. It was thought by the thoughtless that the Boers would be the enemies of England—that they were implacable; but lo and behold! ten years of English rule made them brothers. Why? Because England after conquering gave them what they needed: that is England's genius—to rule other people, by understanding, by sympathy, by humour. What has the culture of the Prussian drill-sergeant done to placate or to subjugate Alsace? Forty years have not availed! The Alsatian peasant children say their multiplication tables in German, but they say their prayers in French.

There was one moment of this war which was tinged with a divine humour. It was at Christmas time last year, when the British and German soldiers fraternised. They remembered they were brothers and forgot to be fratricides. Had this spirit animated the nations this war would not have been.

But even in this great tragedy the importance of humour has asserted itself, for surely it may be said that the force which more than any other has kept up the spirit of our soldiers at the Front has been their unconquerable humour. It is this national gift which has constantly baffled and disconcerted the enemy hordes. While they were singing the Hymn of Hate, the British were singing

"Tipperary." But for this good humour the tragedy of those trenches would have been intolerable.

It is this spirit that has enabled the men at the Front to preserve their calm. To be calm in crisis, that is the test of men. Let us hope that this spirit will prevail at peace-time among the nations who are vindicating the freedom of the world. Meantime we must fight on.

There could only have been one greater tragedy than the war—the greater tragedy would have been if England had not joined in the war. The proudest thing England has ever done is to have fought for the ideal of the world's right. She went into the war with clean hands, as she may elect to go out with empty. In that great hour it is Britain that should be destined to take the lead among the nations—it is those who have with noble calm guided her in the tremendous times through which we are now passing who will guide us in the hour of victory with a moderation which is stronger than violence. And when the hour strikes, let the note be solemn. Let us have the humour to go forth to greet the Angel of Peace with anthems rather than with comic songs.

Should victory be on the side of right, there is one more war ahead of us—and only one—the war for peace; there is only one cause henceforth worth shedding blood for—the cause of peace. As in peace it behoved us to prepare for war, so in war does it behove us to prepare for peace. Let us not be taken unawares, for the end of the war may be as sudden as its beginning.

How can that abiding peace be obtained? By the union of the workers of all countries, with the guidance and the inspiration of the master-spirits of the world. I know that many injustices have been committed even during this war in the sacred name of organised Labour, disorganised. Democracy is a terrific force to-day; rightly used and ethically guided, it has it in its power to put an end to all wars by a holy strike. Let the men and women workers of all nations cry, "We forbid war!" Ay, let the women make their voices heard. It will be the women's hour! As they have been the Ministering Angels during the war, so let them be the Ministering Angels of peace hereafter. Meantime we must fight on.

It is those who most love peace who are most deter-

mined to pursue this war to its bitter end. It is our soil, our soul, our all we are fighting for. Out of evil cometh good —let not the fair fields of France and Belgium have been soaked in vain with our brothers' blood; let not the virgin soil of Russia have been ravished unavenged and unconsoled. Let us hope that out of the agony and bloody sweat of this war may spring a nobler, a greater humanity. The womb of misfortune should bring forth great men—may it send us some great spiritual Dictator whose call the world shall follow. May there rally to him the thinkers, the scientists, the preachers, the teachers, the artists, the poets of the world! The sword has been mightier than the pen, but from the pens of poets shall be forged a sword mightier than all—the sword of Justice and of Peace. We cannot clearly hear the message yet, for the sound of the anvil drowns the song of the poet. But faintly it is humming in our ears. His song is to the workers of the world—he is calling on them in every clime, in every country, of whatsoever religion, to join in the great clamour that there shall be no more wars—no; not for the vanity of kings, nor for the greed of gold. Led by this new Conqueror, let the toiling millions of all countries join together singing in one great choir the new hymn of humanity; and amid the din of an awakened world I seem to hear the phantom bells of Rheims ringing forth their message of Peace and Goodwill.

Ladies and gentlemen, when eighteen months ago I was bidden to deliver this year's presidential address and selected for my subject "Humour in Tragedy"—I intended to speak to you of life and art, according to the lights of my life and my art. But as I was jotting down my commonplaces the face of war came constantly between my pen and the paper on which I was writing. And so I have been driven from my peaceful theme. I have talked to you of things outside my own sphere, and I have said those things with which many of you may not agree; but I have said them out of the fulness of my heart and the ripeness of my conviction.

And, after all, it is better to say what one believes, even if it is reprobated, than to say what is expedient, even if it is praised. To speak the truth according to oneself—at one's own expense—that is the Tragedy of Humour!

A Strange Wooer

By Hervey Fisher

Frank Hilldon walked slowly up and down, restless and dejected. Since daybreak he had not touched the large canvas on its easel. Near the fireplace, on a writing-table, was a litter of books and papers, and on a low bed in a recess was another pile of books, an overcoat, and a sombrero hat. The pale light of a dreary day filtered into the room through a dirty window shaded by dirty lace curtains.

He was a young man, not yet thirty. Built like an athlete, of medium height, he possessed a dark, mobile face with large, grey eyes that seemed to reflect the strain and perplexity of life. A crimson tie accentuated the pallor of his cheeks.

"If I'd only a financial margin, then I'd settle down and paint a really great picture," he murmured, pacing the mouldy carpet. "But for my sixty pounds a year, I couldn't keep afloat."

He went to the window and threw it open. He leaned out into the yellow air, thick with river mist. He could hear a discordant piano in a lodging-house over the way. Below him the little street was deserted, save for two bar-loafers who stood patiently outside a small public-house at the corner. They contrived, in spite of their dilapidated clothes, to suggest something remote, discreet, and genteel. Perhaps they felt instinctively bound to guarantee the good name of a haunt they patronised.

"I'll go and get some lunch," thought the young man, drawing back into the room. He stepped across to the bed and slipped on his overcoat. Then he lit a cheap cigar. A few moments later he was walking up the desolate street towards the King's Road.

A dull pain racked his head. It had tormented him for several days. He fancied he could not see or hear things clearly. Shapes seemed to have lost their outline, and noises came to him as if muffled in wool.

"I must get away for a change," he thought.

"London's a terrible place. If one's not at work, one's drinking or seeing too many women. It's awful!" He threw away his cigar, feeling too sick to smoke. "Bah! that little ballet girl," he muttered to himself, "quite the wrong kind of model—no wonder I'm fit for nothing." He gazed dejectedly at the grimy yellowish brick of the lodging-houses that seemed the solidified essence of the dismal atmosphere. He saw two urchins at the farther end of the street jingle an area bell and then scurry away. This was the one jest of the place. Turning a corner he ran into his brother and sister.

"I'm just off to lunch," he explained.

"Good! Then we'll all go together," answered the girl. "We've been lucky to catch you."

"Yes, very, for I'm late; it's nearly two."

"Feeling better?" she asked.

"No, worse—if anything," he replied.

They strolled briskly along in silence and soon struck into the busier thoroughfare of the King's Road. The three were in the habit of taking luncheon together at least twice a week. His sister Rachel and his brother Jim lived with an elderly aunt in Westminster. Rachel was this aunt's paid secretary and companion. She was a lively girl of twenty, with a warm heart, plenty of wit, and a lustrous complexion. Jim, a lad of sixteen, was taking lessons in shorthand and Spanish with a view to a business career. Naturally high-spirited, he indulged at times in the portentous solemnity that becomes a stripling on the verge of manhood.

"We'll go in here," said Frank. "I tried the place yesterday. It's all right."

"Anything for an experiment," remarked Rachel.

They entered a small restaurant behind the white-lettered windows of which cakes were piled. The hot air, heavy with the steam of food, rolled on them in billows. They selected a table after a little deliberation, for the room was rather crowded. Jim glanced approvingly at a handsome girl who was giving an order at the counter.

"It's really not so bad here," he observed, hanging up his coat and hat. All three ordered tomato soup.

"One doesn't want to eat much," observed Rachel.

"I shall have a chop afterwards," replied Jim, with impressive solemnity.

During the meal Frank Hilldon would now and again jerk out a question, and then relapse into stupor, heedless of any answer.

"You want bucking up," said Jim to him at last.

"You should go and propose to Mrs. Meverill," cried Rachel, laughing. "I'm sure she'd have you."

Frank flushed, then muttered, "I wish there was a chance."

"You've no enterprise," observed his sister.

"None whatever," added Jim, raising his glass of beer to his lips.

"Just fancy living at Haythorpe in that nice place!" exclaimed Rachel. "Living there with the fair Agnes."

"Look at it from a business point of view," remarked Jim. "Talking of business, Spanish is a fearfully hard language. People say it's easy—nothing of the sort. I'll tell you"—and he began a disquisition on the subject. When he had finished they rose from the table, paid the bill, and went out into the street.

"We must get home," said Rachel. "Aunt Sara wants me, and Jim has his lesson. You'll go back and try to work, I suppose?"

"Yes, whilst there's a bit of light."

A few moments later Frank beheld his sister and brother clambering on to a motor-'bus. He turned to walk back along the greasy, mud-bespattered pavement in the direction of his lodgings. One thought now obsessed him—the thought of Mrs. Meverill. Rachel—was she in earnest? Girls have such quick perceptions in these matters. Why shouldn't he try his luck? It might be a splendid chance. He was a fool—without enterprise, as they had said. His cousin, Jack Golding, with not half his brains, had snapped up a rich woman. Yes, Jack now possessed a swarm of children and a high moral tone. He went regularly to church and talked contemptuously of parents whose sons could not go to Eton or fish in Scotland. Such was his cousin. Frank's dislike of him was mixed with a galling envy.

Outside a stationer's shop he halted; then with a glow of audacity entered and bought a railway guide. He consulted it hastily at the counter. "Three twenty-five from King's Cross," he murmured aloud. Putting the book in his coat pocket he dashed into the street. He felt he must

act at once. There must be no staying to think! He was in reality terror-struck, lest he might pause, reflect, and tamely go back to his miserable room. He hurried, almost ran, to Sloane Square. A minute later he had jumped into a taxi and was speeding towards the station.

The exciting purpose and the rush of air through the open windows seemed to revive him. "I must control myself," he murmured, mastering a delicious frenzy that began to surge within him. As he leaned back, a vivid mental picture of Mrs. Meverill floated before him. He saw her stooping over a rose-bush on her lawn. She was there—a breathing reality to be clasped in his arms. He visualised her with the same intensity, with the same terrible lucidity that a chess master blindfold visualises chessmen on a board. He saw her just as he had seen her one afternoon in June—a red rose at her throat, a large, white hand crumpling dead leaves, her black, thick hair coiled beneath her broad-brimmed hat. Every fold in her fawn-coloured dress was alive. She raised her head as if to speak to him, her cheeks glowing, her lips curving into a smile. Was it not her voice he heard? Its vividness startled him. He found himself answering it. A moment later he blushed. "Really, I'm a fool," he murmured. He endeavoured to shake off the obsessing image by looking out into the street. But the people on the pavement were shadows, the whole external world seemed a shadow strange and lifeless, blurred and unmeaning—a shadow that vanished before the bold and brilliant image forged in the burning furnace of his brain.

Half afraid of this inner vision, he tried to think and weigh coolly his chances. He had known Mrs. Meverill for a month when holiday-making with Rachel and Jim at the village of Haythorpe. He remembered Rachel coming home one June morning saying, "I've made friends with a jolly lady outside the Post Office. She's asked us all up to tea to-day. She lives in that large, red-brick house down the lane beyond the church." They had immediately pumped their landlady and discovered that Mrs. Meverill was a rich, kind-hearted widow, whose husband, an elderly military martinet, had died two years previously. She had only one child, a girl of nine.

It was pleasant to sketch in her garden. He had painted her among her yellow and red roses. Once he

had put a tulip in her hair. In the dusk they had caught a large silver moth together. But there had been no definite purpose behind his actions in relation to her. He had so squandered his energies on easy women that he had never mastered sufficient resolve to capture a lady protected by the invisible wire fence of etiquette. Mrs. Meverill was sufficiently young and handsome to excite his predatory instincts, but her composure and the weight of her worldly possessions had discouraged his passion, placing her within the sphere of conventional respect.

Now he was driving blindly ahead towards her, impulse and calculation fused into energy.

At King's Cross he passed a row of porters on the way to the booking-office. He caught the eyes of one of them. The man looked at him steadily. Frank Hilldon could not resist the suggestion that this porter divined his project. The fellow seemed to smile mysteriously beneath his heavy moustache. He glanced at the other porters. Perhaps they, too, knew. The next moment he laughed at himself. "How absurdly self-conscious I am!" he thought, hurrying to take his ticket. He took a third-class for Haythorpe, and found the train due to start in five minutes.

Just as he had taken his seat blank despondency struck him. "What if Mrs. Meverill is away? Why shouldn't she be on a visit? Very likely I shall find an empty house. Why didn't I think of this before? I can't be sane," he reflected. A stolid woman sat opposite to him, reading her newspaper. She seemed strangely unconcerned. Here was he, doubting his sanity, whilst she was patiently perusing a column of the *Daily Telegraph*. "She is stranger than I am," he thought. "Perhaps it is she who is mad." He gave up the problem as insoluble and closed his eyes. Disheartened, he sank into a stupor, heedless of the clash of slamming doors, the scurry, the whistle of the guard, the jerk, jolt and puff of the starting train. What mattered anything?

Again he saw Mrs. Meverill. Now she was standing by the raspberry bushes with Nelly, her little girl, her hand on the trellis-work. Now she was with him on the sofa, glancing dark-eyed upon him as she recounted her travels in Spain and Portugal. One image succeeded another, each so vivid in its colour and reality that his

heart beat wildly as he saw them. But from time to time, obeying a deep and insistent instinct of alarm, he would wrench his mind away from these images, fastening it with all the will power he possessed on the trivial objects around him. He would count the buttons on a fellow-passenger's coat, listen to fragments of talk, or gaze at the flying landscape, attempting to recollect pictures it suggested.

He could hardly believe his eyes when he saw large letters on a bench making the word "Haythorpe." He walked quickly out of the little station into the road, striding past the railway inn up the hill he knew so well. The soft, sombre, November day seemed early spring to him. The rich smell of earth was like wine to gladden his blood. A crystal song in a pear tree near the hedge brought him to a standstill. He strained his eyes to see a scarlet breast, but the robin sang unseen. "I'm going blind," he muttered impatiently, resuming his way. Every pause seemed a subtle temptation to disaster. He walked rapidly, fearing sudden panic. Within sight of the red-brick, substantial mansion, festooned with Virginian creeper, he quickened his pace. Reaching Mrs. Meverill's elegantly wrought iron gate, he pushed it open ferociously, and strode boldly up the gravel path.

Near the porch he glanced with anxiety at the windows; in a flash he saw that the house was alive—not merely the receptacle of a caretaker. He half expected to see Mrs. Meverill or her child Nelly at one of the windows. His heart was in his mouth, yet he rang the bell with a cool and composed force that made him smile. He had nerved himself for the ordeal.

Waiting for the door to open he looked at his watch in the waning light. A quarter past four. "If she's out I'll wait till she returns," he reflected.

A moment later he was confronting a tall, trim parlour-maid.

"Is Mrs. Meverill at home?"

"Yes, sir." The girl gave a slight smile of polite welcome.

He stepped into the glooming hall, divested himself of overcoat and hat, and was soon following the maid to the drawing-room. Outside the door he heard with dismay voices within—a confused medley of voices. However,

he gave his name to the girl, though it seemed she already knew it.

As he entered the room Mrs. Meverill advanced to welcome him. He saw also a tea-table lit by two small, pink-shaded lamps, at which were seated an elderly gentleman and a blonde young girl in blue serge. He felt as he used to feel when a boy, dreaming of an enchanted forest, he woke up to find himself in his nursery. The elderly gentleman was evidently choking with buttered toast, the flaxen-haired girl regarding him with alarm and tender reproof. "Father, you must be more careful!" she exclaimed.

"This is quite unexpected! I'm very glad to see you!" said Mrs. Meverill, as she shook Frank Hilldon's hand. She introduced him to her guests. Their name was Cornworth.

The girl was like a daffodil freshened with sweet meadow winds. Her father, of coarse texture, looked half-soldier, half-squire. His bulging eyes, iron-grey moustache, and flaming cheeks suggested ferocity tempered with clumsy good nature.

Frank Hilldon sank stunned into a chair. This new combination of circumstances, so trivial and unforeseen, seemed at first the complete destruction of his purpose.

"What an ass I was not to think of visitors!" he thought.

He looked at Mrs. Meverill as she engaged Mr. Cornworth in conversation. Was she bored? It was impossible to discover. Occasionally she would glance at him and throw him a remark. He felt incapable of saying a word. She asked him whether he was staying in the village.

"No, I've come down for the day, come down to have a look at the place," he answered, awkwardly. Speech and silence seemed to him equally intolerable.

Suddenly in desperation he offered Mr. Cornworth the scones. But that gentleman appeared to suspect this sudden zeal, for he gruffly remarked, "I'll take 'em when I want 'em." He had half a scone on his plate.

Mrs. Meverill questioned the girl on her musical studies, answering an occasional cross-fire from the elderly gentleman on the preservation of pheasants and the rearing of pigs.

"My wretched room in Chelsea is better than this,"

thought Frank Hilldon. He tried to recapture the glowing energy with which he had started, but in vain. What a fool he had been! Rachel had meant nothing. She had talked in the spirit of pure idleness. She would be the first, he reflected, to laugh at him were she ever to know of this absurd and fantastic expedition. Here was Mrs. Meverill—stretching an arm he could touch her—but she was millions of miles away, a being far more remote and less real than those images which had set his heart beating. Here was something hard and conventional, something not flexible to the warmth of his desires, to the plastic play of his fancy. It was as if he had exchanged the real, throbbing woman for a lifeless mask at a tea-table. He felt himself the victim of some stupendous nightmare. The voices that went to and fro in the soft, lamplit gloom seemed utterly unrelated to himself or to anything in the world. The rippling treble of the girl mingling with the husky booming of her father and the mellow notes of Mrs. Meverill interwove themselves in his senses like voices heard in a dream to which he endeavoured in vain to affix a meaning. With an effort he roused himself. He gathered that the Cornworths were newcomers in the district and that a trap was to fetch them. But when? He stared at Mr. Cornworth as if to guess the time of his departure. Suddenly he felt the eyes of Mrs. Meverill upon him. He turned and saw them gleaming at him with derisive brilliance. Was she despising him as a fool, as an absurd intruder? It was more than flesh and blood could bear. He rose abruptly and said he must go.

His hostess protested. "You've had no tea."

"I must get back," he replied, hoarsely.

"I'm sorry you can't stay."

The kind tone surprised him. He wished himself seated. She gave him her large, white hand and he thrilled at the grasp. Averting his eyes from her and bowing slightly to the Cornworths, he hurried out of the room.

A few moments later he was groping his way down a miry lane. A fine drizzle had begun to fall. Air and earth breathed vapour. On his left he could see the little church, dim in the growing darkness. Twice he almost slipped in the mud before he reached the open road.

This terrible headache! It had come again with

malignant fury to split his skull in two. His previous excitement had kept it at bay. But now in his lassitude it triumphed. He would at times put his hands to his head as if to deaden the punishing pain. One clear thought remained to him—the train. The station was his Mecca. He had not far to go.

"Next train for King's Cross six ten," said a wizened little stationmaster in answer to his inquiry. That meant he had thirty-five minutes to wait. He strolled along the deserted platform and sat heavily down on a bench. He was beaten. A kind of rage possessed him as cold, huddled, and aching he stared through the drenching darkness illumined by the station lights. Women he had known seemed to beckon to him in the gloom with frank gestures and shameless eyes. The little ballet girl, grimacing, stole to him on tiptoe and whispered something that made him shudder. He sprang to his feet with a moan as if to shake her from him, and walked rapidly down the platform.

"I'll have a drink," he muttered, "that'll steady me." He entered the Railway Inn and ordered a gin-and-bitters.

"Dull weather, ain't it?" said a tousled woman at the bar, as she served him.

"Your health," he replied, raising the glass to his lips.

The woman smiled, showing broken teeth.

At a table near the wall sat a porter fraternising with an old villager over beer and clay pipes. A warmth and sense of security crept into Frank Hilldon as he drank at leisure the robust liquid. The small, hot room with its glaring lights, its rumpled barwoman, its droning villager and fat porter seemed in some sort a talisman against the spectral horrors of his brain. He regained confidence. "Why hadn't he outstayed those Cornworths?" he asked himself. He had been foolish to give up the game so soon. With a little more patience Mrs. Meverill might have been his. He flushed at the thought; then, draining his glass, he ordered another drink. A few minutes later he set down his empty glass with a bang and hurried out of the inn.

"I must see her," he muttered to himself.

His lassitude had now left him, and the pain in his head seemed submerged beneath his growing excitement. He walked, panting, at a racing pace.

A strange elation possessed him. He felt jubilantly conscious of his mental and physical powers. He trod on air. His blood was warm and his brain on fire. He felt like Jove on an amorous quest. He had a distinct vision of his lady in the lamplit room, stretching out her hands towards him. "I'm coming," he whispered.

From the dark lane he discerned the lighted windows of the house. At the iron gate he paused a moment to steady himself. Through the delicately wrought bars he surveyed the quiet and substantial mansion, much as some captain of war surveys a town he means to sack, or some pirate a merchantman he means to board.

"I'll conquer the place from maid to mistress," he thought. The bell he pulled so vigorously thrilled him with its response. It seemed in some way a challenge to his ambition. The parlourmaid opened the door to a hall now brilliantly lighted. He was stepping eagerly inside, then remembered the essential formality.

"Is Mrs. Meverill——?"

"Yes, sir," said the maid, anticipating him.

He glanced a moment at the girl, tall, trim, rosy, and fresh. Suddenly he seized her waist and kissed her on the cheek. She stepped back, glowing in confusion, startled and perhaps pleased.

"You shouldn't!" she murmured with half a smile, putting up a hand as if in self-defence.

"That'll bring me good luck!" he said excitedly, in a low voice. He released her.

For a moment they stood face to face bewildered by their emotions, then he turned to take off his overcoat. He heard the rattle of the girl's cuffs as she instinctively tidied herself with the self-protective impulse of her sex.

"If I miss the feast I've at least tasted the *hors d'œuvres*," he thought.

A moment later he entered the drawing-room to find Mrs. Meverill alone. She stood on the hearthrug as he advanced, a slight look of astonishment in her large eyes and parted lips. Then, smiling, she held out her hand.

"I'm glad you've come back," she said, "you see the tea things are still here."

"I don't want any tea," he replied, hurriedly, as he let his hand fall from hers. "I simply want to talk to you."

She beckoned to a chair, but he disregarded the gesture.

"I'm afraid my visitors annoyed you," she said.

"Well, I didn't know them." He almost said, "I detested them." "You see, I want to have you alone," he added. "My first visit was no visit at all."

He could hardly speak for excitement. A subtle pallor crept into the face of Mrs. Meverill.

"No visit at all," he repeated, clutching at the back of a chair with one hand. Hammers beat in his head and heart. His voice sounded to himself curiously as if it belonged to another man, and his surging blood rose, blinding him. "I want you to be my wife," he cried, seizing her in his arms as he had seized the parlour-maid.

Mrs. Meverill closed her dark eyes as if powerless for the moment in the mastery of his grasp. For the first time in her life she felt a thrilling emotion, a realisation of the dreams of her girlhood—the dreams that had hovered about her in sweet meadows and leafy lanes. This was no fussy old martinet who held her in his arms, but some young Greek god giving back to her the priceless gift of youth and love.

"Let me go," she gasped, her large lids trembling, her face as scarlet as her lips.

But still he held her, kissing a burning cheek. Instinctively he felt his one chance was to break through all barriers and carry the feminine fortress by assault under the very guns of etiquette. He pulled her towards the sofa.

"Take care! You'll upset the tea-things!" she exclaimed.

Those light words gladdened his heart, for they assured him of his triumph. He kissed her again and again as she swayed, a sweet burden, in his arms. Her skin to touch was not unlike that of other women, he thought, and even as his lips were pressed against hers, there awoke in him a sharp memory of former loves. She was now not merely Mrs. Meverill, but also all those others whose embraces had enlivened and perplexed the desperate monotony of his life. To her, he was something rare, bewildering, terrible, and sweet.

For the space of ten minutes she lay, her eyelids half-

closed, her head sunk in a violet sofa-cushion, bewitched beneath this new spell.

Then suddenly she exclaimed: "What about your train?"

To him, already feeling the disenchantment of a jaded palate, her words brought almost relief.

"Yes, my train," he muttered, rising from the sofa in a dull panic.

"The last back to town leaves here at six ten," she observed, putting a hand to her dark dishevelled hair and glancing at him from her large, liquid eyes.

"Six ten," he repeated in a kind of stupor.

"You can catch it if you hurry," she exclaimed. "If you miss it you'll have to stay the night at the inn. I can't very well give you a bed." She laughed, standing erect. She looked a Bacchante lustrous with love and wine.

As a man leaves a game of chess which it has cost him much fierce effort to win, so Frank Hilldon left Mrs. Meverill. He had won, felt exhausted, and wanted rest. To stay longer would be tempting fortune. He must leave the lady at her full tide. She was still glowing from his embrace. She must not mark his lassitude.

"Write to me to-night, Agnes," he said on going, "so that I get the letter early to-morrow. Otherwise I shall think all this a dream." She promised she would write.

In the hall the trim, tall parlourmaid awaited him, cool and demure, with hat and coat. He glanced at her. He fancied he saw an eyelid flicker, otherwise she stood mute and imperturbable—the spirit of household decorum. A moment later, muttering a good-night to this symbol of propriety, he plunged into the darkness.

At first the cooler air soothed his throbbing temples, but soon, as he plodded through the mud, he almost cried aloud for pain. His head seemed torn by hot irons, a dull roar deafened him so that he could not hear his own footsteps. What transformation was taking place within him? His inner being seemed riven by some fearful force. The gloom around him seemed hostile with a million evil spirits.

Maddened and panic-stricken he waited on the platform for his train. There were a few people there. They

seemed to him in sinister league with the spectres that rose about him. He avoided their gaze. But now he heard incessant whispers. Mrs. Meverill was whispering to him, and with the shameless eye of the artist he beheld her glowing and lucid in naked loveliness. Other voices, too, bewildered him. The little ballet girl again beckoned to him, smiling from almond eyes. Fascinated, he stepped towards her, when a sob from Mrs. Meverill arrested him. He saw her pale and stricken, her dark eyes jewelled with tears. "Infamous!" he heard her exclaim. Derisive voices caught up the cry, "infamous!"

"Agnes, Agnes!" he shouted, with a maniacal yell of despair as Mrs. Meverill made a gesture that seemed to betoken an eternal adieu.

A fat cattle-dealer near him stepped back in amazement.

"What's hup?" he gasped, huskily.

Frank Hilldon, turning upon him, struck him savagely across the face. In a moment they grappled together, panting, on the platform.

"Whatever's come to him?" quavered an old lady, shuffling off in full retreat to the waiting-room.

"Daft—that's what he is," exclaimed a porter, hurrying to the assistance of the cattle-dealer.

"Good gracious!" cried a young girl, clutching hold of two small children in her terror.

"Agnes, Agnes!" shouted the raving man.

"Infamous, infamous!" cried back the voices to him in wild derision.

A minute later he lay on the ground overpowered, a desolate darkness filling his mind.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Meverill sat writing at her rosewood table.

"Dearest," she wrote, "you are the first to give me true happiness.—Yours, Agnes."

She sealed, stamped, and directed this note, then taking a photograph from the table, she gazed at it for a moment. It was the likeness of a man, bald-headed, with a military moustache. Rising, she went to the fire, and, tearing the photograph across, she threw the two halves into the leaping flames.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

Our Foreign Office Failures

By Austin Harrison

The failures of our Foreign Office with regard to Turkey and Bulgaria will not surprise readers of this Review. At the instance of a number of correspondents, I republish the following article, written August, 1913, every word of which bears on present events, every word of which has proved unfortunately only too true. In this country no attention is paid to non-Party opinion. As our Foreign Office affects "surprise" at the so-called defection of Bulgaria, I recall what I wrote in 1913, dealing with the new problem as the result of the war.

The article was as follows:—

Arms and the Man (Aug. 1913)

"It is now clear that whenever, or whatever, peace is declared in the Balkans, the Balkan question will now perhaps for the first time emerge as a European problem. With the defeat of the Turks it was naturally enough expected that the Confederate States, mindful of the lessons of history, would sink individual grievances and race-hatred into a common crucible, combining at any rate towards one end: the maintenance and integrity of what was to be the Balkan Federation; and had they done so, unquestionably a new European Power would have arisen —a Slavonic military State shutting out Germany from the Near East, thereby enormously increasing the influence of Russia in Europe, as, *per contra*, enormously prejudicing the power of Germany and her ally, that ethnic congeries of peoples incorporated with Austria. That such a new force would have constituted a danger to European peace

cannot be denied. Austria, with her natural *Drang* southwards and towards the sea, would have felt herself hemmed in and frustrated at the Achilles heel of her political structure. Germany would have felt herself "ringed in" in the centre of Europe. Such a Balkan Federation might have been. It would have led to an almost unbearable state of tension in the German-speaking peoples, which, taking the prescient view of statesmanship, it is perhaps as well is not to be the case.

Probably Germany would never have submitted to such a rounding-in of what Fichte long ago described as her 'natural boundaries.' These, it must always be remembered, extend westward to the mouth of the Rhine, and comprise the Low German-speaking peoples. Nor is it conceivable that Germany would submit to such a forcible and so arbitrary a curtailment of power as would necessarily have resulted from the establishment of a great military State, shutting her out from the sea towards the south and the south-east. And that such was the case we know from the recrudescence of the German pin-prick policy towards France, which started at the time of the Turkish defeat, and which was met in France with an unexpected expression of military self-confidence and assertion. Germany to-day has no such fear. All this, however, *is what might have been.* To-day the whole Balkan question is once more in a state of chaos and rudiment. The Bulgars, who a few months ago were hailed as the champions in the war of Christian liberation against the Turks, have by their own policy of greed and stupidity brought upon themselves a Nemesis the like of which is without parallel in the history of the rise and fall of peoples. The inner history of the Bulgarian attitude towards her allies is yet to be made known, especially as regards its inspiration. It is difficult, however, to believe that Bulgaria* acted towards the Servians and the Greeks in so high-handed a manner without some motive, some hope (shall we say?) of support, which, however, entirely failed to realise itself. In London the Bulgarian delegates, though they displayed much obstinacy and determination, cannot be accused of having displayed ignorance

* The Bulgarian attack was due to the existence of a Greco-Serbian Secret Treaty at the expense of Bulgaria.

of the vast potentialities involved in the issue of peace. Moreover, they were fully warned of the consequence of failure, and they went away conscious, at any rate, of the enormous responsibility which devolved upon them in all their subsequent actions towards Turkey and their allies. Here, as in other countries, diplomacy failed entirely to realise that far greater than the hatred of Christian towards Turk there lay the inter-racial hatred of Christian towards Christian; that in reality Servia hated the Bulgars and the Bulgars hated the Serbs far more individually and collectively than either of them hated Mohammedanism or the misrule under which they have suffered for so many centuries. And it was this hatred, we now see, which even on the field of battle kept the Servian and Bulgarian armies so absolutely apart; a severance which in all probability delayed the fall of Adrianople owing to the absence of military co-operation.

About the war with Turkey this may be said: Without the Bulgars the campaign of the allies would have failed. More. Bulgaria, as the neighbour of Roumania, unquestionably bore the chief brunt, for with her troops engaged outside the country she was exposed to a sudden and insidious attack on her flank from the Roumanians, who hate the Bulgarians just as much as the Servians do. To Bulgaria, then, belongs incontestably the chief claim of honour in the joint victory against the Turks. Servia and the Greeks alone, even if they had attempted the task, would in all probability have failed. The army, too, that the Servians met in the field was certainly an inferior one to the army which the Bulgarians had to contend against. There can be no doubt that the defeat of Turkey was due to the initiative of Bulgaria, and to the Bulgarian victories especially.

The Balkan States, at any rate, have learnt the salutary lesson imposed upon Europe by Bismarck: "I give that you give." If the Bulgarians forgot that precept, her allies did not. They had no intention of being outmanœuvred in diplomacy by Bulgaria. And so at the first flash of opposition the allies found themselves fighting about the spoils, ferociously and greedily as a gang of thieves dispute the share and moiety of "swag"; and Bulgaria has been defeated, crushed, stricken down as swiftly

as was Turkey, and now stands a wreck at the mercy of the friends for whom and with whom she fought one of the noblest fights in history.

It is not a pleasing sight, and to those idealists who perpetually talk of universal peace and brotherhood and the immorality of maintaining armies or building ships, it is an example which even they cannot overlook. What will come out of it, it is, of course, too early even to predict. But this is quite certain: however humble Bulgaria may be, the Roumanians are no more friendly disposed to the Servians than the Servians are to the Roumanians, and Bulgaria will issue from the struggle with *a sore which only blood retribution will heal.* Instead, as we all hoped, of a Christian brother-State united in the interest of peace, we will now have only a new division of Powers, jealous each the one of the other, and so economically and racially disunited and unpeaceful. Instead of a solution to the Balkan problem arising from the defeat and expulsion of the Turks from Europe, we will now have a broken Bulgaria nursing in her heart the rancour of despoliation—*another European sore*, in short, such as that of Alsace-Lorraine in France. What this will mean ultimately it is too early even to conjecture. That, however, it will benefit the *Teuton peoples is self-evident.* It is what Germany desired and in many ways anticipated. The whole policy of Roumania in this connection, it must be borne in mind, had the *sympathy of Germany.* Roumania's *coup de Jarnac* was one of the most fateful strokes in modern history. A weak Bulgaria is a German interest. Like Egypt, the thorn in the flesh of Anglo-French intimacy, so Bulgaria will be the thorn *in the flesh of all the allies* and of all the *Powers whose interests it is to interfere in those parts*, and *particularly of Russia.*

All the talk about the splendid diplomacy of Sir Edward Grey has proved itself to be mere chatter. As a fact, Sir Edward Grey did nothing at all but plead earnestly in the interests of peace—an attitude in times of military action which, if dignified and moral, is invariably vain and worthless. Russia, too, has held aloof with singular detachment, and the reason of that is precisely the reason of her neutrality during the outbreak of European Anglophobia during the Boer War, namely, because her

outward diplomacy is concentrated upon the Far East, upon the chaos of internal China; and again, because of her own internal chaos within which prevents her from any attempt at military adventure, even on so relatively small a scale as that necessitated by an expeditionary army of some two or three hundred thousand men across the border into the Balkans.

The question of the peace of Europe will now remain a matter of as much precarious chance as it has been since the days of Napoleon.

We may now put the Gladstonian sympathy in our pockets, and come back to Bismarck with his crude remark about the Pomeranian grenadier, and so to the purely materialistic attitude of Hohenzollern statecraft. We come back, that is, once more to the relations between England and Germany. These are *essentially connected with the new as with the old Balkan problem.*

We saw recently a gratifying relaxation in the Prussian attitude towards us, and the new spirit is certainly a hopeful sign for the future. But let us not be deceived. Fate this time has been kind to Germany. The allies have played into her hands, and instead of rest there must now be *unrest in the Balkans*, and all this is to the good of Germany, to her Near Eastern policy especially. It will remain to be seen how far and in what way the new political landslide in those parts will affect, what we may call, her new attitude towards us.

We may take it for granted that Russia will not now interfere in the Balkan question. She is otherwise engaged, preoccupied. That being so, Germany and Austria once more have a comparatively free hand; and what is quite certain is that the Allies, who by crushing Bulgaria think that they have established their own power and hegemony, will discover before long that what they have set up is not a lasting monument of peace, but *a maze of intrigue and disharmony*. The stronger Austria gets at sea—and she is building now very seriously and methodically on a policy of credit—the greater the necessity to her of ports and coaling stations—in a word, sea-border. The result of this policy may very soon make itself felt. A powerful German and Austrian Navy stationed in the Mediterranean is a factor we cannot afford to ignore. At present, owing

to our concentration of naval force in Home waters, we have entirely abandoned the old Mediterranean Sea Policy which, without an Austrian Navy, owing to our alliance with France, we could well afford to do. We have been told, too, of the power of money; that war was becoming rapidly impossible owing to the enormous financial strain laid upon the contesting peoples and its inevitable breakdown of the whole economic life. The Balkans have exploded this illusion too. Started by the pigmy power of Montenegro, the war has gone on blithely, as were money of no account at all; as though it were the easiest thing in the world to maintain the entire male population of five peoples, by common consent reckoned the poorest peoples in Europe, on a war footing, with all its terrific expenditure of life and material. It is a little lesson both in economics and political ethics.

Now if the Balkan War has proved anything, it is how little in policy as in war the expected may be depended upon. When Turkey was first attacked, military opinion assured us that the little Powers would be whipped back into their places. When the exact contrary result had been achieved, Europe broke out in pæans of praise of the noble Balkan States, and, above all, of the military prowess exhibited by Bulgaria. The impregnable fortifications of Turkey, plus von der Goltz, turned out to be myths, as Turkey's strategy turned out to be a myth and the quality of the Turkish soldier turned out to be as inferior as was his German gun to that of the Creusot. Of the subsequent diplomatic surprises mention has already been made; we need not dwell upon them; but they, at any rate, show how formidable and how fickle alliances can be, what little part idealism plays in the issue of warfare or religious homogeneity; how utterly incalculable are the fates of peoples, as of individuals; how pitiless war, which is the final arbitrament, can be to the conquered and conqueror alike.

To disregard the Mediterranean question, therefore, would seem an act of folly. *In reality it has been revived.* The new combinations that may arise out of the new Balkan War are beyond all calculation, as all the *old calculations we counted upon are upset.* Of what a few months ago seemed certain, nothing remains. On the contrary, the re-

affirmation of Roumania is the re-affirmation of German interest. The re-affirmation of Turkey is again the re-affirmation of German policy. The declension of Bulgaria, as the central unit in the Balkan constellation, will be a *permanent source of weakness and anxiety, intrigue and blood rancour.* So far as it is possible to say at present, little material advantage has been gained in the interests of European harmony, and very little in the interests of the litigious peoples engaged. The Albanian question remains. It is difficult to see what advantage Greece is likely to obtain from Macedonian * aggrandisement; the Power question remains, which may at any moment (and will probably) be shifted and solved by a Bulgarian alliance with, perhaps, Austria or Roumania, or *even Turkey, for purposes of vengeance and reprisals.* As a fact, out of the whole entanglement Germany is now certain not to fall short. Instead of Russia obtaining the material advantage, it will rather accrue to Germany, and this is the new condition which it behoves us to consider.

To us, again, the lesson is ships. More and more our national safety is now becoming a question of naval force, *i.e.*, the preservation of our own Island integrity. At this moment the whole balance of English strength in the Mediterranean is maintained by virtue of the Anglo-French Entente, and not by our own force in those waters. For the time being we have practically *surrendered the Mediterranean*, and at the same time we are setting an example in shipbuilding modification which is not being followed by the three countries who may prospectively—and the conjecture is purely one of Kriegspiel—some day or other be aligned against us.

From lack of prudence Turkey neglected to fortify herself in Europe. From lack of prudence Bulgaria neglected to estimate the strength of her Allies, carried away by the exuberance of her own triumph. From lack of prudence in her domestic affairs, Russia finds herself to-day unable to assert her interests outside the confines of her own country. From lack of prudence the little Powers ultimately *will find themselves worsted in the great struggle* they have won. Once more we have seen that war still is the last reason of diplomacy; that it breaks out when

* Bulgaria's one ambition is the recovery of Macedonia.

least expected; that its consequences are generally unforeseen. Whatever else the Nemesis of Bulgaria has taught the world, it points to the value of power as the only way to maintain and secure the position that a nation holds."

Criticism at this hour is, of course, useless, yet this must be said. Had our Foreign Office possessed any statesmanship, had there been any co-ordination between the military and diplomatic powers that rule this politically "Haldaneised" country, Turkey would never have entered the field on the side of Germany, and Turkey's attitude would have decided the attitude of the waiting Balkan Powers, and consequently the attitude of Bulgaria. For this reason.

We alone, in August, 1914, had a free Navy—we alone thus had the power. Nothing would have been simpler than to have sent a mission with a naval escort of honour to Constantinople in August, 1914; the mission to perform the policy, the ships to lie with their guns covering Constantinople off the Golden Horn. Such a simple step would have assured the neutrality of Young Turkey; nor would the *Goeben* ever have put in through the Straits. It is false to contend that we were not free so to act, because we alone could so have acted. Russia could not get there. Turkey would have been powerless with a small naval force moored off the Capital, necessarily compelling the freedom of the Straits. Our failure to show the most ordinary common-sense lost us Turkey, led to the disastrous blunder in Gallipoli; led inevitably to the hostility of Bulgaria, who, ever since the Treaty of Bucharest, has smarted under the incontestable wrongs done to her.

Authorities agree that the problem of the Balkans lay in the savage hatred of the Serbs and the Bulgars; also that in allowing Bulgaria to be despoiled as the result of the second Balkan War, the idea of a "Greater Serb" Empire was only realisable at the expense of Bulgaria's just ethnic claims. The entire Balkan question from the outbreak of war hung on Turkey's position and *power*. We grossly underrated the question of power, did nothing till it was too late, just as we supinely allowed Bulgaria to be fleeced by her three enemies two years ago.

Our failure to-day results from the failure of Sir

Edward Grey's policy of "Wait and see" in 1913, as my article shows. We failed then as we failed last month—through want of statesmanship, lack of understanding that diplomacy without power is worthless and that the only thing the Balkan peoples understand is power, through the abandonment of our old Mediterranean Sea policy.

For over fifty years Germany's Pan-German dream has been Constantinople; to restore life to the valleys of the Tigris, to people Chaldea, to exploit naphtha, cotton, wool, oil, and establish corn granaries in Mesopotamia. The German policy * took active shape on the morrow of the atrocious Armenian massacres, when the Kaiser sent his portrait to Abdul Hamid. In 1903 we were prepared to fight about the Bagdad railway, and nearly did; but since 1905 our whole foreign policy has been pro-German, more and more weakened and governed by the attitude of "Wait and see," each year seeing a surrender of the meaning of sea-power, or what is called Statesmanship.

It was mathematically certain that our Government in 1914 would not understand the value of sea-power. We had quite forgotten the Pan-Germans and their policy; what with Lord Haldane's "spiritual home" and the rest of the twaddle served up for years by Ministers entirely out of touch with European realities, themselves believers in the friendship of Germany. For five years before the war we had had no foreign policy beyond opportunism and humanitarian rhetoric. We played Germany's game, trusting to providence; and so, through want of a policy, the *Goeben* steamed through the Straits and struck right at the bowels of the East.

Nobody conversant with the anachronistic condition of our Foreign Office, kept as a preserve for gentlemen of quality; nobody who has watched the conduct of our foreign affairs during recent years, run now by a metaphysical Minister of War journeying to Berlin to offer frankincense to the Kaiser, now by this Ministerial speech, now by that; nobody who has had personal experience of the snobbery, the conceit, the ignorance of the "family" who represent Britain abroad, can be surprised at our failures; they are the inevitable result of our methods and system. There was no co-ordination between Em-

* See my book, *The Pan-Germanic Doctrine*, 1904.

bassy and Consul—the Consuls are not men of family; besides, in Germany they were nearly all German. Those who did understand the German menace were not favourably looked upon. Our politicians at home believed in Germany. They dominated our Foreign Office. They looked on foreign affairs sentimentally, like vote-catchers. Lord Haldane was really Foreign Minister, he who alone in the Cabinet knew German. He destroyed our Foreign Office tradition, addled our whole sense of statesmanship. And the war arose because the Germans reckoned that Lord Haldane was at least logical and would not fight even for Belgium.

Cause and effect are identical and spring from the same weakness in our Government in war—*lack of responsibility;* and because there is no responsibility, and no blunderer however catastrophic can be brought to book, so there is no government or direction or prescience. In a word, there is no policy.

History has shown that such a condition is fatal in war; and so it has proved. The strategic point of vantage, from the date of the German ultimatum, lay in the freedom of the Dardanelles—the free passage between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. With incredible folly we allowed the Germans to creep in and block us out there. The question for England now is this: Can we afford to drift on without proper responsibility of Government?

To this question I say there is but one answer. To do so is to fight like amateurs. It is to imperil our very Empire.*

* The usual schoolboy objection will be made about "swopping horses." It is invalid. M. Delcassé has resigned without disturbing the war in the slightest.

Anzac

By "West Australian"

When they left Egypt in April last the Australasians were spoiling for fight, to use an every-day phrase. One has to recollect that the average man from Australia and New Zealand lives a much freer life than the Englishman, and that many are more or less independent. Military rules and regulations, therefore, become irksome, as did the constant drill on the arid Libyan deserts. The first riots, better known as the "Battle of the Wazir," were the outcome of this feeling to a great extent. Let it be said here that although thousands of men witnessed these riots only a very small proportion took an active part therein; in fact, many men, and several New Zealand officers, went into danger to assist the picquets and restore order. A second riot at Alexandria, in which Australasians and sailors from an American cruiser were concerned, was the outcome of some remarks by the sailors as to what would happen when America joined the Allies, and some further disparaging remarks about —— Colonials. The Americans finally made for the quays, where their pinnaces were, and those who did not reach them ahead of the —— Colonials were thrown in and told to swim to them.

Ashmead Bartlett has told the story of the first landing, and told it well, as it appeared from the ships and the views of higher officers. Every day one hears incidents humorous, pathetic, and gallant, told by survivors of those hard fighting days. One private told me how they had gone over the ridges and got on to a flat, bare plateau. They were ordered to lie down and hold the position to a finish. The Turkish shrapnel kept booming and breaking all round, and after a time the nerves of three men went. They sprang up to go back. "Lie down, you curs," said someone; but too late. A Turkish machine gun got the range and cut them down, then up and down the line it went

spraying a leaden hail, killing here and wounding a man there.

An ex-officer of Regulars—or reputed to be—now with the Colonial forces, is said by some of the rank and file to have played a fine part. It was at a critical stage of the fight. Companies, regiments, and brigades were all more or less tangled. This Major stepped into the breach. "You take your men there, sir," he said to an aged Brigadier. "What do you propose doing?" "I propose trying to run this show, sir; you go over there, sir." Then to a Lieut.-Colonel who had just come up: "You take your men over there." It wasn't according to the Regulations, but the Major forgot that, and with a bullet through the leg continued to direct the fight until a second bullet wounded him and he was carried off by the bearers.

Between fighting and scrambling for food and ammunition the men of the first "landing" had little or no time to make trenches in every part of the position, hard as they laboured. An artillery officer was sent to one position to observe for his battery. The trenches were hopelessly inadequate and shallow. The Australasians, wan, weary, heavy-eyed for want of sleep, were quite candid and cheerful. "Aren't you going to dig in more?" said the officer to the N.C.O. "Oh, we're all right," was the cool reply. "They can't shift us." Generals and officers for a time thought that it would not be possible to hold the position at Anzac, or Gaba Tepe, as it was then called. Tommy Cornstalk apparently had never thought of giving up what he had won.

The Light Horse were, like the other units, tired of Egypt, tired of drill, weary of route marches, and tired of inaction. With or without horses they were ready for fight, and every countenance lighted with satisfaction when they got the order to board the transport at one of the Egyptian ports. She had just come from the Front, and sinister stains on blankets and decks gave the men their first glimpse of the war as it really is. A few days' sail and one fine clear afternoon they came in sight of the Dardanelles. They saw the warships standing in shore, throwing shell after shell into the Turkish trenches; they saw the ruined forts of Kum Kale and Seddul Bahr, not to mention craft of every size, shape, and description in

the mouth of the straits. Not far in, to their right, lay ancient Troy; on the other side of the straits, but a few miles away, were Dardanos and Abydos, scarcely less famous. The transport barely dropped anchor before the order came to go to Anzac, and in a few hours they were there. It was dark as the anchor dropped. From the shore came the flash and almost continuous rattle of musketry, and the lean, red-Indian faces peered yearning into the darkness. None slept much that night; there was too much electricity in the air.

In the early hours of the morning a harsh, rasping voice woke the men. It was a naval officer arranging the embarkation. In response to some complaint by the commander of the torpedo-boat alongside, he remarked, "Yes; 'pears to me the whole British Empiah is gettin' too slow these days." Then, with an awful roar through a megaphone: "Loose that rope. You; yes, you; *you*, sir; tell your Captain I am ready to take off troops."

Grasping rifles and gear the men scrambled down on to the destroyer. Holes in the funnel, splashes from bullets, and a badly-pitted boat, spoke eloquently of the 25th April. A short journey and a ship's boat came alongside and the men were transhipped. The Colonel started to give orders. "You may be in charge of these men ashore," said a middy, ætat fifteen, "but I am in charge of this boat, sir." And the Colonel, gasping for breath, subsided. Occasional shots splashed into the water, but the morning was wet and cold—and both sides more or less inactive. The boat made for a rough pier. On it was a dandy naval officer, well shaven, and attired in biscuit-coloured overalls—a veritable "knut" on the Anzac beach, where costumes were considerably abbreviated. "Bring that boat in heah," said the officer in a cultivated English drawl. It was done, and the first trooper handed up his rifle to a Jack Tar: "Heaw, Jack," he said, "'old this for me." Number two remarked, "Mind the step thayah, Tom," and forty more had similar remarks to make, whilst a highly indignant naval officer rolled his eyes in impotent anger.

We were soon all on the ill-fated beach, but everything was quiet and orderly, or being made so. A mule just shot was being towed out to sea, a couple of stretcher-bearers

passed with the remains of an officer killed with shrapnel, some more were sorting out infantry equipment picked up on the beach and the vicinity. Further up a fatigue party were busy building up a mound fifty feet high of army biscuit, and more were at work on similar mounds of beef and cheese in cases. All up the steep hillside many were at work like ants making dug-outs for themselves, or for telephone offices, ammunition reserves, and so forth. The regiment sheltered for awhile behind a big hill. Shrapnel whizzed overhead, and fell at our feet almost into the water. The Turkish guns away to the left searched for us, but their range was not great enough. As the afternoon wore on orders came to move up further. "Mind round this corner," said someone, "they kill a lot of men here." The words had scarcely left his lips when "whizz, bang," and a couple of men were scratched with shrapnel—nothing serious. The rest wasted no time getting round. Soon the Turkish guns commenced to blaze, and ours to reply fiercely. We were in a deep valley and the noise was deafening, but although we had grumbled and growled for months, now—loaded up with gear, ammunition, and food, and stopping every ten minutes—there was not a single complaint. Soldiers were hurrying up and down all the time, some with spades and picks, some with big wooden planks, others with wounded comrades able to walk or on litters. Men were digging wells and fixing telephone lines, whilst others laboured with boxes of ammunition or bully beef and biscuit. Whenever there was a halt every passer-by was drained of information.

The sun was setting as we bivouacked. It was to be the first and last for many, although we little suspected it. As darkness closed in bullets were striking above us and all around us. They break with a loud report on stones, bushes, or anything they hit, giving one the idea that a rifleman is shooting close at hand. Next morning we had orders not to move until noon. We kept in our dug-outs, venturing out now and then to cook food or obtain water. Before we broke camp nine men had been wounded by snipers shooting from some four or five hundred yards away. They were well concealed in the green bushes which clothe the hills at Anzac, and had apparently good rifles and telescopes.

Eventually, after great labour, we were at our dug-outs some fifty yards from our front trenches, about eighty yards from the Turkish trenches, and well protected by the brow of the hill. Shrapnel used to come uncomfortably close and throw down heavy lumps of earth, and the noise of bullets was at times deafening. "Make dug-outs and get into them," was the order. Room was limited. We had picked a good place for ours when someone volunteered the information that three men had been shot there, so we moved hastily. Finally, we went to the safe part of the position. Thirty men of various regiments were buried within ten feet of us, whilst some poor beggar lay on a stretcher ready for burial. We made a dug-out, buried the poor dead chap, made a dressing station; in fact, did as we do in Australia—tried to restore order and make things tidy. We had about finished when the Turks started to bomb our trenches. Man after man was carried out bleeding from ugly wounds, and our troop had to reinforce. The infantry regiment we had relieved had held these same trenches for fourteen days with very few bombs. Fortunately for them the Turks had been cutting the bomb fuses too long, and many bombs were picked up and either thrown hastily out of the trenches or, when possible, back into the Turkish lines. We were in reserve trenches when a big gun commenced to shell us. Shell after shell threw dust and dirt all over us, but they had to be careful, as their own trenches were very close. Much worse was a gun on our flank trying to enfilade our trenches. Shell after shell came past close enough to make us feel the hot air that accompanies them, and burst within ten or fifteen feet. We wondered if the gunner had a steady hand, as it only meant the twist of a screw at the gun and up in the air we would all go. I asked a friend on the right if we were safe. His opinion as he leaned tight into a hole in the corner of the trench coincided with my own—we were not. Suddenly we were ordered to take our turn in the front line. The trench was shallow and confined. Said the officer: "You observe through the periscope there a trench in front which runs right into the Turkish trench. You have to see that the Turks do not get up and throw in bombs." A regular hail of bullets was striking overhead, and it was sudden death to look up over the parapet. The periscope showed in

front of us a line of trenches surmounted with bags; a figure would come up stealthily, fire, and go down, and reappear at another place. There was, too, mound after mound of earth away back, thrown from trenches, and in one place five hundred or more unburied Turks caught with a machine gun. The nasty, faint, never-forgotten stench of human dead pervaded everything. Along the trench was head-cover, a piece of soil six feet long perhaps. Close inspection revealed Turkish boots—some unfortunate who could not be properly buried in the stress of battle. I was still observing when, crash! and away went the glass of my periscope. Got another, and first of all put my rifle cautiously over the parapet amongst some bags, then raised the periscope. A dark cap appeared, then a head. Two bullets knocked up the dirt about his face—mine and someone else's. He stayed there for a while apparently hit through the head, and hung on in the last convulsions, then dropped. The night set in bitterly cold and dark. Occasionally we bobbed up to see if the Turks were trying to rush. The rifle fire was unceasing from their trenches, and they redoubled it if we abstained from firing for a few minutes, thinking evidently we were preparing to charge. At times a star shell would light up the whole landscape. Most men will remember that first night under fire until their dying day.

Morning broke fine and clear, and when the sun arose and warmed the trenches up these lads under fire one night sat down and discussed—Turks? No; horse-racing, wheat-farming, and occasionally Turks. An officer, apprehensive about his men, came along and inquired angrily why they were not shooting. "Nothing to shoot at, sir." "Why were they not observing?" "Oh, Bill Jones along there was looking through the parriscope." An hour before relief was due a bomb fell into the trenches and disturbed a heated argument about Carbine and Abercorn. A dozen more followed in quick succession. Three men were badly wounded and taken out; the rest fired angrily at the Turks' sandbags and replied with what few bombs they had. The trenches were full of smoke, dust, and the stench of burned flesh. Shells or bombs are most demoralising, and give one a feeling of absolute helplessness unless effective means of reply are at hand.

This post was mined early in June by the Turks, and as soon as the mine went off they threw a regular shower of bombs into our trenches, and eventually bombed our men out. Then came a deadlock at the last trench, just on the brow of the hill. Australians on one side were shot as they mounted the parapet, whilst the Turks could not advance for the same reason. The position was serious in the extreme, for once over the parapet they could enfilade the Death Valley—the main valley of the Anzac position. Below the slope, just over the parapet, five hundred men with bayonets glittering in the sun lay down and waited for bombs. Supports were hurried up, and they, too, lay down with fixed bayonets. When the bombs arrived every available man was throwing them into the Turkish trenches. Major Quinn, of the 15th Regiment, went forward and reconnoitred. The Turks were wavering, and he signalled the order to charge. His arm had scarcely completed the circle when a bullet took him through the brain; but the 15th, famous at least at Anzac, swept on and retook their trenches. Then came the aftermath: dressing the wounded, laying the dead on stretchers ready for interment when night fell, and clearing up the *débris* which accumulates. Bombs bring down heaps of earth, cartridges litter the ground, and all manner of rubbish trips the unwary. Space was so limited at Anzac that most of the cemeteries were on ground unsafe during the day. After the first week or so the dead were always taken to the cemeteries; previously they had been buried where they fell. Many men sleep in a little cemetery down in the valley below Quinn's Post; many more lie in the cemeteries close to the beach; but a host are buried where they fell, on the edge of the trenches, beside the roads and saps their comrades have since made. Many a brave lad lies in a lonely grave. His identification disc lost in the wild struggle of the 25th April and succeeding days, his only monument is a piece of deal board rudely fashioned with axe or trenching tool, bearing the words, "Here lies a soldier of the King. R.I.P."

The Truth about the Bulgars

By Stephen Graham

In my journey across the Balkans this summer I was held up on the Bulgarian frontier and obliged to spend a week in quarantine, a week in a tent in the Grecian army, mobilised on the mountains north of Drama and Cavalla. This was somewhat of a surprise for me, for I did not know that Salonika was deemed plague-stricken by the Bulgarians. When I reached Okjilar, the frontier station on the line to Dedeagatch, I found I could go no farther. I was given a khaki-coloured tent in the shade of plentiful wild cherry trees, and a peasant soldier for sentry and servant. It was in the lovely valley of the river Mesta, and green mountains rose rapidly to a great height all around. Several days the cannonade from the Dardanelles was audible. My nearest neighbour in quarantine was a young German who was on his way to Constantinople to join his unit in the German army. The Greeks were very much amused at the sight of an Englishman and a German sitting at the same table—the arch enemies.

On the sixth day the commanding officer came and said to us: "You are free, the quarantine has been removed. I have a telegram from Salonika, and you can now go on." Everyone rejoiced. I had my things taken to the packed train. At least a hundred people, mostly Turks, had been waiting besides myself. Our passports were initialled and off we went. But, alas! the Bulgarians had no knowledge of removal of quarantine, and they stopped the train away on the empty mountains, and turned out every person who had not spent a clear seven days outside of Salonika. Baggage and bundles, and veiled ladies and children were deposited in the grass and among the blackberry bushes by the side of the line, and I stood among the Turks on the embankment and watched the train disappear beyond

the Bulgarian horizon. Then we all went back to our tents and barracks.

Next day, however, I won through to Dedeagatch and obtained my first glimpses of the Balkans and the Bulgars. I spent a week in this port facing Gallipoli, listening to the cannonade, occasionally getting a glimpse of a British cruiser; a dead harbour, with no shipping, no life, without even fishing-boats, for the Bulgars are not a maritime people, have only lately found their way to the sea, and have not learned.

In order to reach Sofia it was necessary to cross the mountains in a cart a hundred miles from Gumuldjina to the Philippopolis railway, a beautiful journey over the Rhodope Hills, a climbing up hundreds of steep hills, a plunging into deep and verdant valleys. On one high ridge the sea, which had been forgotten, became visible in a blue haze fifty miles away, and it was possible to trace the Bulgarian and Grecian coast-line from Marania to Kavalla. The wind came fresh over forested hillsides; mountain streams gushed from the rockside of the road; the three horses of the troika pranced along the edge of ravines, from *stantsia* to *stantsia*, and hamlet to hamlet.

I had many opportunities for talk. The Gumuldjina road had become a highway for all travellers who could not pass through Turkey. Behind me came two conveyances with Italians and Armenians. Even Armenians were obliged to act as if they were at war with Turkey. Necessarily, those travelling in this way were enthusiastically for the Entente, but there was one of us, an Italian commercial traveller, who was pro-German, and thought his country wrong for fighting. He was in the employ of an Austrian firm, but the war seemed to make no difference to his business. He went on collecting orders as if there were no war.

What was more interesting was the average Bulgarian opinion of the war as I came across it in chance conversation in the various towns and villages where I stayed. Diplomatists and Ministers may bargain, inclining now to this side and now to that, according to the success of intrigue or the temptation of gain, but after nearly a year of the war there is something which is more stable, and that is public opinion, the idea of the average man. And

in the Balkan States, as much as elsewhere, it is impossible to make war against a popular current.

It was rather a surprise to me to find that Bulgaria was under the impression that Germany was winning, and would ultimately win. Wherever I went I received commiseration. "Ah, ah, how badly things are going for you, badly, badly,"

"Poor England!" said a Bulgarian doctor whom I met in a restaurant in one of the little towns. "She has had to make herself an army; her army was not as big as ours to start with."

"But our fleet?" said I.

"Ah, yes, your fleet; it has to hide itself from the submarines. How the Germans have perfected every invention!"

He clicked his tongue in his mouth knowingly.

"Russia is lost," said another, "finished, done for."

"It is only lack of munitions," said I. "She'll turn and be herself again."

"You'll never take the Dardanelles," said he.

Even the country people, the keepers of the khans and small shops were of opinion that Germany had the upper hand. They at least emphatically hoped that the Turks would be beaten. They had lived with the Turks as neighbours and rulers. We passed through desolated villages, the scenes of massacre and conflict, and gave bread to little Macedonian children, orphans whose fathers and mothers had perished at the hands of furious Moslems.

In her heart of hearts Bulgaria is against the Turk and on the side of Russia. She is Christian and Slav. But she thinks Germany is winning, and her eyes are blinded still by jealousy of Serbia and mortification at the loss of territory caused by her unfortunate raid on Greeks and Serbs at the end of the Balkan War.

The Bulgarian newspapers are pro-German in influence. There is no proper service of news from our point of view, and even the Russophile and friendly organs give no favourable impression of the condition of the struggle. It is, perhaps, late in the day to speak of it, but Bulgaria ought to have been provided with British press-agents as other neutral countries have been. The Bulgarian man in the street is even losing sight of the real facts of the be-

ginning of the conflict, and the true and good cause for which we are fighting. A student said to me in Sofia: "You forced Germany to fight. By your *ententes* with France and Russia you were tightening a knot at her throat to strangle her."

"Why," said I, "do you not know that our alliance with France and Russia was almost an improvisation in the hour of menace?" And I went on to explain.

I had a talk at Sofia with M. Geshof, the leader of the friendly party, the man who was Prime Minister of Bulgaria at the time of the formation of the Balkan League. He was ready to assure me. "You know," said he, "we love the Russians, they are nearest to us of all the nations of Europe. And the English are, and always were, very popular. Hundreds of our young men go to Robert College, Constantinople, for their education; many go to England, and you will find we know English life and ways and admire them. But we cannot come in on your side in the war before we know what Roumania is going to do. She has promised to fight several times; first she promised England and Russia, then lately Italy. But still she does nothing. Then we want the restoration of the territory we lost at the Treaty of Bucharest. . . . We did wrong to attack our allies, the Serbs and the Greeks, we admit it. But that attack was made by the Military Party, by Savof, without any authority from the Government or the King. We have all repented it. We wish friendship with Serbia, friendship founded on Justice.

"There is a deadly animosity against Serbia and Greece," said I; "it is poisoning your national life. I do not open a newspaper but I see bitter words against these countries. I feel something ought to be done to stop the endless reminders which the Press has of your national vexation and enmity. A mean hatred of Serbia, and possibly a reciprocal hatred of Serbia for you, is spoiling the Slav cause.

And I told the ex-Minister what I think is the most vital matter in connection with the health and happiness of Bulgaria. The first thing needed is the stopping of this mean quarrel. Bulgaria and Serbia are probably being kept apart more by German machinations than by real grievances. They are more estranged by the insulting

things said of one another in the respective Press than by the original quarrel. Slavs forgive material injuries quickly; they do not forgive injuries which touch their pride. It would be a good piece of diplomatic work to reconcile Bulgaria and Serbia—simply to reconcile them, not to ask Bulgaria to fight for us. She would quickly offer to fight once friendship with Serbia were re-established. Then never again would Slav swords be raised against Slavs. Their swords were made for the fighting of the Turk.

The whole Balkan situation resolved itself for the time being into the problem of the reconciliation of Serbia and Bulgaria.

This was last July, and now that everything has gone wrong and Bulgaria seems to have definitely sided with our foes, let me sum up briefly my opinion of the Bulgars and the Balkan situation with regard to them.

With the exception of the noble Serbs, the Bulgars are probably the healthiest, simplest, bravest people in the Balkans, though the Government is a set of sharps. They are a peasant people with no pretence to aristocracy or fashion of culture. They are frugal, temperate, hard. Their soldiers are imbued with a fine national spirit, and they believe in one thing above all others—the future of Bulgaria. The commonest word in use in conversation is "Bulgaria"; everybody is talking about, wondering about her. Every ordinary talk turns to the national theme. But the Bulgarian newspaper readers are narrow, and have no wide outlook over world-politics. They do not know what is happening, and are unable to distinguish false from true intelligence or real passion from hypocrisy and guile. And there is not really very much cleavage between King Ferdinand and the people he governs.

The point of view taken by many people with regard to Bulgaria and the war is a mistaken one. There is no particular disparity of opinion in Bulgaria on the question of the war. There is no question of revolution in Bulgaria; the throne of Ferdinand is safe. This whole summer and, indeed, during the whole space of the war, the Bulgarian people have been more or less pro-German. They have been against us since the Treaty of Bucharest. They are bitterly anti-Serbian and anti-Greek, and they

are cold to Britain and Russia because we promised the victors the fruits of victory, and stood by whilst they were adjudicated elsewhere.

The Bulgarian people as a people are not supporting us in the war, and for the following reasons:—

(i) They hate the Serbians, are afraid of Serbian ambition in the Balkans, and they know that the Serbians hate them, and are afraid of their ambition.

(ii) They consider that Germany is winning the war, and that it would be suicide to throw in their lot with us.

(iii) They do not believe in our good faith.

(iv) They are afraid of an alliance between ourselves and the Greeks. The Greeks they distrust utterly.

There is a nightmare of the Balkans; it is the conception that there is not room for two great nations there: that there must be either a great Bulgaria or a great Serbia. Both Bulgars and Serbs are obsessed with the problem of this dire choice. In Sofia it is written that there can only be a great Bulgaria, in Nish that there can only be a great Serbia; in Sofia that Serbia says there is only room for Serbian rule; in Nish that Bulgaria says there is only room for the Bulgars. The problem of diplomacy was to reconcile these brother nations, and diplomacy has failed.

The *rôle* of Greece in the stirring up of Balkan discord has also been most sinister; during the whole space of the war Athens has been poisoning the wells of European truth, pouring forth lies, lies, lies. Nearly all news to the discredit of Bulgarian honesty has come from Greek agencies.

A final word as to diplomacy. We have assumed from the first that Bulgaria could be bought, that she was offering herself for sale, and we have corresponded with Bulgaria on this shameful basis. The sole problem for us has been the re-establishment of a cordial understanding and national friendship between our ally Serbia and Bulgaria. This, I hold, was not a difficult task for straightforward, intelligent Russians and British. We have failed because we have not been true to our cause and our ideals.

Inefficiency and its Cure

By Percy G. Donald

Is the Government any more inefficient than the Governments of the past, or is it that we are now waking up to our inefficiency?

The latter would appear to more accurately represent the case than any other suggestion. A business concern which has existed for a decade invariably arrives at some crisis in its career which is the parting of the ways. The prompt application of new methods may enable it to get ahead with renewed vigour, but such application rarely comes about except by the influx of new and experienced men with modern methods. The alternative is dry rot, a disease from which we have been suffering for years.

Every member of the House is aware that many of the permanent officials are incompetent. In the conduct of a successful business each individual has to "make good" or go. There is no such invaluable rule with Government service. On the contrary, inefficiency in one department is frequently disposed of by a rise into some other department, and it is under this system and with these men that we are trying to conduct the war to-day and create the peace of to-morrow. What an anomaly! Better to collect the failures of the Bankruptcy Court, they at any rate have some experience of trying to "make good."

Such is the present position of the British Government. Its organisation for business purposes is obsolete; its method of military training is still of the type which was applicable to field instead of trench warfare. Its whole actions are, in addition, controlled by that British curse "precedent."

That an election would cure matters is quite improbable. The new Government would but carry on the traditions of the old one. They would as a body find themselves hopelessly entangled in the usual web of parliamentary

routine. Apart from this, an election now would be a grave disaster. Yet we have to do away with the abuses which one finds to be common knowledge wherever business men are gathered together.

Not one single business Member of Parliament would dream of conducting his business on parliamentary lines. To do so could have but one end—bankruptcy.

To-day Parliament has not in any degree the confidence of the country, even from a party point of view, and still less from a business point of view. Every section of the Press is critical, and in most cases its criticism is in the right direction. As for the man in the street, he talks of little else, but with true British phlegm he leaves it at that instead of taking some action, a passive spectator of inefficiency.

The Government and permanent officials are quite unversed in commerce and constantly are falling the victims to all kinds of sharpers in trade; and, in addition, are endeavouring to proceed with the conduct of the business side of the war under systems which are antiquated and make for inefficiency. Overlapping departments alone are costing the country millions per annum. Lack of necessary supplies, which can be secured by the right methods, are costing a heavy loss of life.

In Great Britain, the U.S.A., and Canada, the gross scandals in connection with supplies is the most general topic of conversation in every trade. Some of these tales are true and others not, but if only the true ones are brought home it will have the effect of daily reducing this inefficiency and increasing our chances of winning the war. We muddle along, appointing at intervals committees generally made up of individuals from the Government whose inefficiency we deplore.

In what way is it possible to attain that reorganisation that is so direly needed? That the job is a stupendous one there is no gainsaying. We dare not leave it. Germany is daily preparing to secure the world's trade after the war. She has important business committees at work now. She is removing machinery from both Belgium and France in order that she may now secure for herself commercial predominance after the war.

In the meantime we, as individuals, are content to look

on and discuss (between ourselves only) the general inefficiency of our parliamentary system, and our antiquated methods, partly the legacy of our fathers, but mainly attributable to the lack of interest and knowledge in commerce displayed in the past and now by our Government. Thus do we see signs of decadence. If proof is required we have but to look at the figures of the world's chief industries, the iron and steel trade, over ten years.

Production of Pig Iron.

	Belgium.	Germany.	France.	U.S.A.	Russia.	Great Britain.
Increase in 10 years.	190%	120%	97%	50%	29%	9%

Steel Production.

	Germany.	U.S.A.	Great Britain.
Increase in 10 years	145%	68%	27%

We have in Great Britain a very large number of business men, all holding positions high in their particular trade or profession, anxious to serve the country.

Men whom the Government should be using; men who are personally conversant with the inefficiency and abuses that prevail; men whose services have been freely offered to the Government to prevent such abuses. To these should we turn now for our salvation.

Some years ago a body of ratepayers and business men in the Poplar district of London formed themselves into a Vigilance Committee to watch the expenditure of their money in that district. The disclosure of waste, inefficiency, and dishonesty will be remembered by all. Not only were the abuses checked, but as a result the step had a cleansing effect on municipal politics generally.

This Committee was in no way formed to wreck or retard the Council, or prevent necessary expenditure. Its only object was to see expenditure conducted in a legitimate and businesslike manner. The same methods applied to the situation to-day would go a great way in assisting the present administration. The present haphazard method of criticism, taken in hand with a modicum of the truth in many cases, is only productive of harm, especially in neutral countries where the relative value of matters discussed here cannot be gauged.

Even when the present Government's tenure automatically comes to an end in a few months, the country cannot afford to have an election, but the formation of such a Vigilance Committee to watch affairs is not a matter of great difficulty. It would not be a source of embarrassment to any Government honestly desiring efficiency. The preliminary committee would be elected by public meeting. An invitation to serve would be extended to leading business and professional men. Trade and labour organisations, women's unions, etc., would also be invited to send a representative. These would all give their services free for the purposes of investigation.

They would probe all reports of maladministration, inefficiency, and abuse, and as such investigations would in each case be undertaken by the highest business experts, the results would be of incalculable value. These would be brought before the Government privately in the first instance.

They would always be prepared to place at the service of the Government the advice (from a commercial point of view) of any section of trade.

They would at once suggest immediate methods of organisation to deal with the commercial side of the war.

They would from the same point of view watch any proposals for peace.

They would be prepared to assist or oppose the Government in anything in the interests of the country at large.

They would not recognise politics, but would merely consider the good of the country.

They would deal with the manufacturing methods of all countries, and recommend how we could at once adjust our systems, to encourage the manufacture of goods on the lines which after the war would leave this country in a better position than in the past.

They would examine the combine methods of trading which have so far assisted Germany in her bid for the world's trade, and the U.S.A. trust system, which has enabled her to bring manufacturing costs below those of other countries, in spite of labour at rates of pay much higher than in either Germany or England.

They would offer to the Government timely warning (which the Government could not well ignore) of the possi-

bility of scarcity of material, or cornering of markets such as has happened with many commodities during this war.

Recognising that 40*s*. spent in products of the British Empire is a greater economy than 20*s*. spent in a foreign country, they would, with the unique trade knowledge at their disposal, make recommendations under this head.

In short, instead of undermining the Government by private talk of its utter rottenness in club, street, and office, they would work to bring it up to date by concerted action from outside.

Every individual in Parliament is anxious personally to avoid abuses and scandals, but the Government as a body is at the mercy of its employees. The mere existence of a committee as outlined would save the country incalculable money and put an end to a large amount of abuse. The fear it would engender in the minds of Government permanent officials of being brought to book for inefficiency would in itself act as a preventive measure.

Enlightenment

A Practical Scheme

Suggested by A. Corbett-Smith

In a "dug-out" somewhere on the road to Constantinople an officer, a few weeks ago, sat writing home. "If there is any possible influence which could be exerted to show the nation what it is really fighting for there might be more hope of a near end, and at least something would be done. If the nation could only realise that it is not fighting so much against German militarism, or for Belgium, or for anything else, but just against itself, against all that which has kept us where we are, instead of the living Empire we ought to be, there would be more hope."

The time for words passed in August of last year, when German cavalry patrolled near enough to Paris to loot the racing stables at Chantilly. Then should have been initiated throughout the country that campaign of education which alone can give practical result to official schemes for conduct of the war, and so render possible the fulfilment of the nation's truest ideals. Untold suffering would have been spared our men abroad and our women at home. The past cannot be retrieved; but it is not yet too late to create in us the passionate determination that the future shall be ours. That determination is now lacking because we do not understand. So far we have been fighting as individuals; we have now to fight, and win, as a community.

I venture to set forth for criticism, and as briefly as possible, some practical proposals for such a campaign of enlightenment. The methods suggested have proved successful in three other somewhat similar movements. I will divide them under four heads:—

(1) *Subject-matter.*—(*a*) Why the nation is at war: "for what past, for what future, for what facts, for what ideas."

(*b*) How the nation is fighting, *i.e.*, the work of our forces by land and sea. (*c*) The position of the nation in the Allied scheme, and the work, progress, and national characteristics of our Allies. (*d*) The greatness and smallness of Germany, her influence for good and evil, and her future as a nation.*

(2) *Methods.*—By lectures, or rather "talks," and by literature; the great essential being that these methods should be utilised upon the broadest, most "popular," and most human lines. The man in the street does not want to be educated, and he shies at the very expression. His attention and sympathy will be won if he is entertained, interested, or amused; nor will he object to some passing moments of emotional appeal. The personal element is almost indispensable. To attract and hold an audience the lecturer must be prepared to compete with the picture-house and music-hall, and to grip his audience in the first five minutes. He must be practical. The fullest use should be made of the cinematograph and lantern slides. Quarter-of-an-hour chats might be given by popular speakers at factories, docks, and elsewhere. Cinema managers might arrange occasional short *causeries* in their theatres; similarly in music-halls. No talk should last longer than forty-five minutes. In most cases an audience assembles, not to hear a lecture, but to see the man or woman who has won fame or notoriety. So, wherever possible, the lecturer must be one who can speak from personal experience. A talk must never be designated as "official": a part of an educational scheme.

Literature should be written on similar lines—clear, concise, picturesque, with a strong human touch. Irwin's story of the Battle of Ypres, Palmer's visit to the Grand Fleet, John Buchan's narratives, are all good examples. Every notable event in the war should be so recorded and circulated broadcast on single or double sheets. The record of the deeds of all territorial regiments should be circulated in their counties, perhaps as newspaper supplements.

* The following topics, *inter alia*, have been dealt with by the writer in talks to officers and men at the Front:—Development of Germany since 1870; Our Russian Ally; What the Navy is Doing; The Germans at Home; Origins and Growth of the British Empire; Real Causes of the War; Course of the War by Land and Sea, etc.

(3) *Lecture Staff.*—Men and women must be carefully selected. In other cases instruction in first principles will need to be given. Hundreds can teach and lecture; one in a hundred knows how to grip an audience, quite apart from the special knowledge required for the campaign.

(4) *Organisation.*—A Central Executive, under the direct authority of H.M. Government, is absolutely essential for any co-ordinate scheme. It may consist of, say, four men and women, with a member of the Cabinet as chairman, and an hon. secretary. Each member to be responsible for a special department, *and to work.* Thence a thorough decentralisation of the country into counties, or other suitable divisions, each with its own executive. Further decentralisation into local centres and sub-centres as may appear necessary. Existing organisations, such as Sheffield University, which continues to perform excellent enlightenment work, will form admirable nuclei. But that Central Executive is vital to the success of the scheme; nothing else will serve. We cannot continue to depend upon a number of voluntary efforts lacking co-operation.

A brief outline synopsis only, and one feels that an apology is due to the Editor and readers of the ENGLISH REVIEW for so unliterary an effort. But space is valuable, and a practical scheme is best treated as a business proposition. It may be added that the proposals were in the hands of H.M. Government by the middle of September last, when the writer also set to work to win over the active support of the Press, local authorities, and other corporate bodies throughout the kingdom.

Putting aside for the moment all attempts at rhetoric and abstract talk of honour, duty, Empire, and the like, it is simply incredible that this policy was not adopted at the outset. Who will now deny that, in the end, it would have proved the shortest way? Instead, after a year of such a war, one hears that two thousand hands at Southampton have gone on strike because men have been recalled from the Colours to work in that factory. If you walk across Hampstead Heath on a Sunday afternoon you will be faced with the spectacle of a regimental brass band, a crazy platform, and one of his Majesty's commissioned officers, assisted by a N.C.O., appealing for recruits to an indifferent audience of half a dozen loafers, a few servant girls, a baby

in a perambulator, and two dogs.* How many miles away from Ypres? The horrible, biting humiliation of it!

On another Sunday in August, a year ago, I sat by the roadside in Noyon and watched the remnants of three gallant regiments pass. Two days before they had gone into action 3,600 strong. Perhaps 750 officers and men all told now went by. Uniform in tatters, unwashed, unshorn, puttees or bits of sacking wrapped round their feet, bloody bandages on heads and arms, wolfing the hard biscuits tossed to them as they swung by—yes, "swung by," as though on the Horse Guards Parade. God, the spirit of them! "Are we down-hearted?" they shouted. A word, and they would have turned and held up another German Corps.

I can see now that single 18-pr. gun worked by two men, a subaltern and a driver—all that was left of a battery. For eight hours on that blazing 26th of August the II. Corps had held up and broken the assault of five times their strength. "Anything I can do?" I asked the subaltern. "Got a drink?" he asked, "and thank the Lord for a white man's cigarette again." And at Southampton two thousand workmen——

The nation is paying to Lord Kitchener the greatest compliment a nation ever paid to a man. They trust him to the uttermost and obey him blindly. His work will end, as we know it will, in victory. But what then? If we stumble blindly upon victory all that we have suffered, all the lessons taught by the glorious rally of the Empire, all our individual sacrifices will have been in vain. Britain will not win this war with honour to herself unless she wins as a nation. The national service we demand can never be given until the eyes of the people are opened. It is not yet too late. To the devil with catch-phrases and buckle to!

* This scene, not one whit exaggerated, was witnessed by the writer on a Sunday last August.

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

The autumn season has not progressed far enough to afford matter for criticism, but the announcements in themselves call for some comment. It is as well to face realities. The vital problem this winter is not to provide events of the greatest musical interest, for these notoriously attract the smallest public. It is to provide programmes that will secure the support of which the profession stands in such sore need. It is already evident that two rival policies are being tested, and there is much curiosity as to results. In practice, their application involves not only a breach with the past, but something analogous to an exchange of policy between leading institutions. The Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts, for instance, which have served in recent years to make the musical public acquainted with the newest music, such as that of Schoenberg and Scriabin, have executed a *volte-face* and adopted a "popular" policy. The Philharmonic Society, which only a little while ago was a safe refuge for musical diehards, has raised the banner of progress. Even the Classical Concert Society, which has hitherto allowed its somnolence to be disturbed on the rarest occasions, is displaying faint but unmistakable signs of wakefulness. Of the eight programmes it has announced only two are unrelievedly conservative.

Of course, the respective audiences differ widely. Sir Henry Wood has always attracted a mixed, and therefore representative, public, whilst the audiences of the Philharmonic and the Classical Concert Society are to a large extent highly specialised. That would explain why in the former instance the appeal is henceforth to be addressed to the average concert-goer, whose taste runs to the familiar. But in the latter case the audience has hitherto been more than specialised. It has been smugly sophis-

ticated. It has been complacently certain that the rut which it loved was really the beginning and end of good music. That the new policy should commend itself as a means of bringing grist to the mill is uncommonly interesting. It suggests that there has been much searching of hearts in places where the best a progressive musician could hope for was patronage, not sympathy, and still less understanding. It remains to be seen whether the assumption is not too sanguine. Rather, it will remain an unsolved question, for if the new policy fails to justify itself at the box-office, it will still be impossible to say definitely that the old would have done better.

Meanwhile the popular policy is meeting with success at the Shaftesbury Theatre. On some occasions there has been a gratifying dearth of vacant seats; at no time have they been depressingly plentiful. The most interesting feature of the performances has been that, not being hampered by life-long subservience to a senile tradition, the singers have, with varying degrees of readiness, allowed themselves to be galvanised into a semblance of animation on the stage. There is absolutely no reason why the taking of music into partnership should have the effect of blunting the dramatic edge of a scene. Whoever is responsible for this attack on dullness—in an operatic production one is never quite sure—is rendering more useful service to the cause of national opera than a host of enthusiasts in a hurry. It is the only way in which the public at large may be convinced that opera is alive in the popular sense, and not merely a postprandial parade of fashion.

There is, however, one form of criticism that must be silenced. Superior persons who are acquainted with what they term the "real thing" in opera are frequently heard applying the same standard to these productions and commenting with pitying scorn on the misguided public that pays its shillings to attend them. That is the very worst kind of snobbery. On the one hand, a powerful association, numbering many open-handed patrons to whom the profit-and-loss sheet of the season is not of supreme consequence, or who regard a loss as money well spent, so long as the best singers of the world are heard in London, gives performances at high prices, which rarely show a surplus, even when the audience is large. On the

other, the conditions imperatively demand a surplus if the venture is to continue, and the prices are on the popular, not the fashionable scale. Each must be judged in its own category, and if that is done the honours go to the Beecham-Courtneidge management at the Shaftesbury, whose productions are the best of their class, which those of the Covent Garden syndicate emphatically were not.

There are, moreover, much stronger reasons why everybody who professes an interest in opera should rally in support of these performances. One is that opera will never become indigenous until it is made accessible, both in the financial and the linguistic sense, to the public at large. Another is that there can never be a national opera until opera in the vernacular has found a public. The present undertaking is not only giving us opera in English, but it is doing its best to secure that the English shall be intelligible. Of course, so great an innovation can scarcely be accomplished in a few weeks. In fact, to demonstrate its feasibility is itself something like success.

For the rest the best feature of the autumn season is a "certain liveliness" in the domain of chamber-music. Several distinct undertakings are engaged with friendly rivalry in the task of breaking down the old-world superstition that the duller a chamber-concert was the greater its excellence. Much of the credit for this is due to the example set by the London String Quartet. This excellent combination of players has revived the title of the old "Pops," but, happily, not the tradition of those concerts as it appeared to those who knew them only towards the end, when the last trace of vitality had departed. It seemed then to be an accepted law that four players must necessarily be ten times as priggish as forty could be. Perhaps it is as well that the old St. James's Hall has gone. The very bricks would have hurled themselves at a quartet that dared to play Grainger's "Molly on the Shore." With the passing of the German ascendancy in music the world is gradually realising that ponderous solemnity is a far more dangerous enemy to music than even high-spirited irreverence.

Why not Tax Titles?

By Raymond Radclyffe

I DO not address the suggestion to the present Government. I hope and I believe that within a very short time the British nation will have placed in power half a dozen able men and that the gang of incapable lawyers will have gone. Everybody is convinced that if we are to preserve the Empire a change is imperative. Everyboy, except the Government, is determined to make every sacrifice and win the war at any cost. It is not a moment for despondency, but rather for exultation. Britain rules the greatest Empire the world has ever seen. That Empire has been built up by men of genius; organisers, rulers. We have immense resources; ample supplies of men. We are not cowards; on the contrary, we are exceedingly brave. But we are slow to move, and we have allowed ourselves to fall under the government of lawyers. We see our mistake. The lawyer can talk, but he cannot act. His whole training breeds indecision. He lives upon delay. He is the last man in the world to lead a nation in arms. Therefore, he must go.

The Budget showed the indolent mind of the well-paid official. It was the work of people who did not know their business. It imposed duties on currants without inquiring whether such duty was legal. It tried to tax hats without knowing what a hat was. It placed a duty on plate glass, and was unaware that the war had destroyed the import of such glass. It turned the admirable idea of a tax on war profits into an excess profits tax (from which lawyers are exempt), which will injure the prosperous rubber trade of our youngest colony. We are spending 1,820 millions a year, and we are offered a Budget which leaves a deficit of 1,438 millions.

I suggest that we put a war tax upon titles.

I submit that those who desire to continue in the en-

joyment of their titles and honours should, for at least five years, pay the State a very heavy tax. I also suggest that any rich person who desires to show his patriotism should be allowed to pay the State an annual tax, and thus acquire a title which should last as long as the tax was paid. Everyone will admit that titles are a luxury, and most people will confess that they are desirable. At present they are sold by the Whips on a more or less definite scale. Five thousand pounds for a knighthood and no questions asked. Ten thousand pounds for a baronetage, and forty thousand pounds for a peerage. Lord Salisbury was in the habit of inquiring whether those whom he was asked to recommend were eligible. He exercised his power of veto. I cannot find any instance of the present Premier having followed this good example, though no doubt he has done so.

The public will take kindly to the tax. It likes titles, and in future honours would show that the recipient had helped his country. It cannot be said that up to the present honours have been distributed for merit. Many who have made blunders have been shelved, and their fall has been softened by the pillow of a peerage. In future, honours should be a mark of patriotism and self-sacrifice. There are probably fifty thousand very rich men in Great Britain who could afford to pay a very heavy war tax, in exchange for which they should receive a high honour. There are an equal number of less wealthy men who would gladly part with a portion of their wealth if such self-sacrifice could meet with national recognition. There are innumerable people who would be urged by their wives to purchase honours. In every small town and every borough, in every city there exist thousands of professional men who would be driven by local competition to acquire honours.

There are various ways in which the tax could be collected. Present possessors might be informed that they could not be allowed to use their titles unless they had paid the tax, and no one would be permitted to use a title unless he had paid in advance.

There are now thirty-one Dukes who would none of them grudge £10,000 a year for the right to continue the honour. There are also about 1,500 tax-payers whose

income is equal to, or exceeds, that of a Duke. Some of these millionaires are mean; others do not care for honours, or are unmarried. We will therefore place the total number of possible Dukes at 1,000, and we could hardly net less than £10,000,000 by this honour.

Marquises now number thirty-nine, and they should certainly be made to pay £5,000 a year. Taking the Income Tax returns as a basis, we may hope for at least 1,500 people capable of paying £5,000 a year for an honour which is to-day reckoned of considerable value and which is seldom bestowed. This would give £7,500,000.

Earls are more or less abundant. There are now no fewer than 227 who should be able to pay a moderate tax of £3,000 a year. I also add at least 3,000 rich people who are able to rank as Earls and would gladly contribute to the cost of the war. We may hope to get round about £10,000,000 out of the Earls.

Viscounts have never been very popular, and there are only eighty-five now in existence, some of whom might find a difficulty in paying any tax at all. This title cannot be relied upon to produce much, and if 500 all told paid £2,500 a year each, the Chancellor would be lucky. It would not be safe to count upon more than £1,250,000.

But there are 386 Barons who are addressed as Lords, and who, except in most exclusive circles, are practically as good as the best Earl who ever fought at Flodden. The general public does not understand the niceties of the Heralds' College, and to the common herd a Baron is as good as any Viscount, though, as we all know, he is immeasurably inferior when he goes to Court. Barons should pay the modest figure of £2,000 a year, and we can safely reckon upon 20,000 rich men in Great Britain being not only ready but anxious to pay this price for the right to be addressed as "My Lord." There are 21,000 people who pay Income Tax upon incomes ranging from £3,000 to £7,000 a year. Barons should contribute £40,000,000 without difficulty.

Baronets are occasionally impecunious, and though there may be 1,200 now entitled to the honour, I do not think that any Chancellor could count upon a large number paying up. The tax being only for the purpose of providing for the war, a cautious person would naturally

choose a knighthood. Therefore, in estimating, it would be wiser to lump knights and baronets together. Without question, there are 20,000 people who would pay £1,500 a year for the right to be addressed as "Sir." This would give us another £30,000,000.

We now come to the somewhat coveted "Honourable." There are, perhaps, different opinions as to its value, and it might be advisable to differentiate between "Honourable" and "Rt. Honourable." There must be at least 100,000 men and women in Great Britain who would pay £100 a year for the title of "Honourable." This would give £10,000,000.

It is a question whether an enterprising Chancellor might not appeal to the Spinsters of Great Britain and revive the title of "Dame." Many unmarried women of a certain age do not like being called "Miss." Those who could afford it would gladly be addressed "Dame." It is also possible that we might revive the title of "Chevalier," to rank below Knights, and pay a proportionate tax. Some income might also be derived from the common title of "Esquire."

There is no reason why Americans should not acquire these titles, but there is no data to go upon. There are plenty of wealthy Colonials who have already shown their patriotism. They would gladly support the suggested tax. It has many advantages. It would be paid ungrudgingly, for all who paid would get value for their money. It would produce at least £110,000,000.

We are spending £1820,000,000 a year. We must get money somehow, and as we don't want to tax food or raw material, I can see nothing new to tax except titles. The tax is easily collectable. It gives a value for the money which no other tax does. It is patriotic, and it will produce a large sum of money. Also, it would give us clean government, for it would do away with the sale of honours.

Vive la France!

By the Editor

The weakness of Alliances in war has always been the lack of military and political co-ordination, indeed, one may say that it is the natural and inevitable condition of any combination of separate peoples and Governments, quite apart from the division caused by language and those different points of view to which men and nations are liable. There ensue a want of singleness of command, of policy, of objective, of understanding. Commanders are naturally jealous. Governments, not swayed by the same principles, motives, or policies, cannot be expected to agree, to unite and conform absolutely. There are too many General Staffs, responsibility is divided. The single mind, the central aim, essential to successful war, are only too apt to be missing, and we find in their place compromise, hesitation, want of foresight and decision; in a word, an opportunist direction instead of the carefully-thought-out policy and preparation carried out singly and resolutely with all the concentrated force obtainable.

When war broke out the Austro-German armies had this singleness of aim and direction, and it has been their strength ever since. The Entente Powers had no such co-ordination. Only a splendid purpose and a deep human resolve united them, a purpose and a resolve knit closer together with every month of the war. To-day it may be said that no nations have ever felt so united, so determined, so humanly bound together as those of the Entente Powers whose spirit, policies, national purposes, and very civilisations are henceforth indissolubly inter-connected with defeat or victory.

So much is certain. It is one of the most astonishing things this war has produced. France, Russia, England, Italy, and the smaller allied Powers have now one common bond, one common heart, one unconquerable will.

In August, 1914, this was only theoretically the case. The very name, *Entente Cordiale*, defines the looseness of the alliance. As we know, our own Parliament did not know at the date of the German ultimatum whether we were bound to help France or not, whether even we would help her. The application of the Entente was left to chance. Our inner attitude of "Wait and see" held good for the Concert. We were taken militarily completely by surprise. We have been trying to repair our omissions ever since.

The first intimation we had of this lack of co-ordination was what is now known as the "shell scandal." It showed an absence of military co-operation between ourselves and France, a complete lack of singleness of command and initiative. To-day we have all realised the want of co-ordination in the military-political sphere; which allowed the *Goeben* to escape into the Dardanelles, which neglected to hold in Turkey by will or by force, which culminated in the "surprises" meted out to us in the Balkans—all due simply to the absence of a single firm direction and that controlling lead or policy which in war is the decisive factor.

The same may be said of our policy, or want of policy, about contraband, the aliens, towards America, in connection with the Dardanelles and the present Balkan expeditions. But I will not pursue the subject of these failures; they are evident to all men. In war the object is to go forward, not backward. Only the lesson of responsibility can result from their discussion.

But there is another side, the psychological side of co-ordination, which is not self-evident, yet none the less is of the greatest importance. I refer to the greatest weakness of all in war, doubt, which again is the great danger of alliances. The soldiers do not know one another, they cannot speak the others' language. As often as not the armies fighting side by side are saturated with silly jingo "tags" and traditional prejudices; as we know, nations are singularly ignorant and so distrustful of one another. If things go wrong, it is always the allied command which erred, and so on; in a word, the difficulties of *moral* are greatly enhanced the more variety there is of staff and the greater the variety of language, creed, and colour.

This, the psychological side of the Entente, has been much neglected.

The French and the British are such firm friends now that only good can accrue from plain speaking. Owing to our inconceivably stupid secrecy, we in this country have not known the serious danger which until quite recently threatened the very existence of the Entente. Already, through the winter, the French began to get uneasy. They thought we were "not serious." They could not understand our debates as to whether we should race, play football, etc.; they could not understand a people which looked on war as a game, which refused conscription, which permitted strikes, which talked so big and did apparently so little—and as the French are logical people and quite ignorant of England and the paradox of British insularity, they may well be excused for thinking as they did. When spring came, the grumbling gave way to keen and even dangerous resentment.

They had heard so much of "Kitchener's Army," of the promised offensive, and still the English help was not forthcoming. All through the French army, everywhere in France, the cry was: "Where is Kitchener's Army?" They could not understand, nor is it any exaggeration to say that after the exposure of the shell muddle a feeling of intense disappointment spread through France, so poignant that immediate steps had to be taken to meet it.

French Ministers accordingly hurried over here in the early summer to have a look at this Army, to see what we really were doing. Writers and journalists were "turned on," so to speak, and they set to work with a will. They wrote us up. They told of the great armies all over Britain. And then at last Kitchener's men appeared—by the thousand, by the ten thousand, by the hundred thousand.

The situation was saved, but it ought never to have arisen. It arose simply through want of co-ordination, want of intelligent provision, want of psychological sense in the two Governments. That danger is over, but it may occur again at any time failing a proper department of *liaison* whose business it should be to watch the psychology of the two so utterly different peoples and take the needful steps, as the necessity may occur, to prevent misunderstanding and disharmony.

Suspicion is the great danger of alliances, that is why it is absolutely essential that the French and the English should understand one another, and yet more important still, should understand the respective difficulties each nation has severally to cope with; difficulties which are not obvious or even explainable, radiating from deep-rooted idiosyncrasies, customs, ideas, traditions, privileges, and peculiarities of national character.

We know here what these difficulties are, alas, only too well, but the French do not, nor have they ever been explained to them. The Gallic mind is intensely logical, nimble-witted, exact, and national. The French are imaginative, prone to excitement, and so liable to despondency. They do not know that we belong to the constipated races who think slowly and act slowly. They could not know, for we did not know ourselves, till the war brought it home to us, what an Individualist people we had become; how romantically unpractical, how serenely humanitarian or ingenuous, how poetically simple-minded, we the "nation of shopkeepers," we the buccaneers of Empire, we the sea-dogs of history with our Nelsons and our Waterloos!

So the French began to doubt. But in war things have to be done. Responsibility has to be affixed. Penalties have to be enforced. Reputations have to be shattered. Men and Governments have to succeed or go, just as the commanders in the field. The French, of course, know that. General Joffre long ago weeded out all the incompetents and political generals. Even M. Delcassé has gone, and the war is unaffected. The French have become the stoics of the war—the English, as it were. The trouble now is our trouble in England, and its potential effects upon our Allies across the Channel.

It is here that wide publicity and plain speaking are quite essential.

France is mobilised militarily, economically, and politically. Her fighting machine has been perfected. To-day she stands nationally complete, a fighting whole, armed at full strength, determined, in the words of General Joffre, "to die or conquer." But we are not yet a national whole; we are still "unextended," still capable of enormously greater development. To tell the truth, our real

difficulties have begun. Our fighting machine has yet to be completed. We have yet to learn and apply the indispensable rule of war—*responsibility*. We have yet to get rid of our incompetents. We have yet to acquire the national spirit and logic of war—national service. We have yet to shed our peace-time vanities, foibles, and insularities, and buckle to, as Cromwell said, "at push of pike." We have yet to understand that we are fighting through France for our Empire and our historical continuity, and so draw the necessary conclusions. This means that we have reached the hour of crisis, braced and blooded at last for deeds and creation.

Our trouble is that politics have not died out yet in this Island.

Stern things lie before us. We must enforce the principle of responsibility without stint or fear. We must have men instead of political lawyers to lead us. We must have business organisation and direction in lieu of platitudes and brilliant failures and rhetorical inefficiencies. We must have real government, real men, the single and national endeavour.

If last spring the French grew perturbed at our (as they thought) inaction and self-complacency, they should to-day be warned not to grow uneasy if Britain suddenly develops activity and resolution. The danger of a misunderstanding is real. Our politicians are already using the lever—to silence opinion here, to prevent change, to quash the truth, to defer as long as possible the affixing of responsibility. "The French won't understand it," they say. "Never swop horses," etc. "Trust the Government," and all the rest of the traditional schoolboy blarney which, in the guise of so-called "good form," throttles Parliament and Press. In Russia, the whole War Office has been changed with excellent results, but every sane man knows that in war heroic measures are necessary and that the only successful way for a nation to fight is to utilise the right men in the right places, and not to rest contented until it gets them there.

What politicians here may say is of no matter. What does matter is that the French should clearly understand that Cabinet crises, or Ministerial defections are in this country *not signs of weakness and irresolution*, but in all

essentials of strength and the determination to win to that higher efficiency without which this people, intoxicated with peace sophistries and insular prejudices, cannot rise to the heights of its full striking expression. If, or when, therefore, the French hear of "grave dissensions," political landslides, Parliamentary rumps, alarums, caves, caucuses, or what not, and the British newspapers seem to be a howling wilderness of rhetoric, claptrap, confusion, recrimination, treason, and diarrhœtic rodomontade—if, and when, those manifestations take place, then the French—and it must be explained to them by skilful writers in the French Press—must not imagine we have gone mad or have lost our nerve, but understand *precisely the contrary*, namely, that for the first time since the war began we have become *sane* and *recovered our nerve*, and are now determined to win the war by resorting to the only safe way left to us.

It is of the utmost importance that the French Press should realise (1) that we are in a condition of flux and rudiment here; (2) that any rumpus here makes for greater efficiency, strength, unity, responsibility out there; (3) that when England fights among herself, she is fighting for the allied cause, for France, and for victory.

What the French must understand is that we English never do things like other people, that we have no *Government* in the literal sense of the word, but only a popularly elected assembly who serve the opportunism of the majority, and who therefore cannot lead or govern in any military way whatever; that we are a paradoxical nation, the only guiding principle of which is the spirit of compromise or wait and see, but that we are becoming a martial people and mean to wait no longer; that to get the right men in the right places necessitates change, shouting, headlines, crises, a little confusion and a little bad temper, furious "leaders," perhaps a bloody nose or two, yet nothing really serious, nothing to give rise to the smallest anxiety to our friends; that when we seem to stand on our heads, in reality we are doing some creative thinking, and that only so, circus-wise, can the English people get out of their Johnny-head-in-the-air pose of self-satisfaction which in war is pantaloonery. Finally, that those who take a part in the tumble are not knaves, pacifists, professional

clowns or traitors, but, indeed, the most impersonal of patriots, acting thus for England and *La belle France*. The point of view for the French to take is to look upon us as the "mad English" becoming now sane and warlike and strong; to help us by taking no notice of our vagaries; to believe in us most when we appear to be most un-English and most unlike the "God-dam" gentlemen of the Parisian stage.

"The soldiers will stick it if only the civilians can," it was well said in France. That is the point. Hearing of domestic brawls, unrest, truant and truncated Ministers, the soldiers naturally grow alarmed. They read of labour troubles in Britain, of Acts which supine Ministers dare not enforce, of Press revolt, of democratic movements to retard munitions' work, to improve Trade Unions' rights, etc.—and they don't understand. Allied soldiers are always prone to imagine they are "betrayed," and this nervousness, this intangible yet only too real and potentially decisive psychological temper checks and clogs retroactively the home machine, gives rise to doubts and suspicions, retards, obfuscates, and deflects the energies of those latent forces of war, which in the end are paramount.

All these months this fear has obsessed us. Men say "For Heaven's sake, no criticism," because they fear its effects upon the Allied armies in the field, and the armies, too, say, "For Heaven's sake, no quarrelling," because they fear a weakening of the civilian resolve. But in reality this fear, like all fear, is false. In Britain it has no relation to truth whatever. The one condition which does give cause for fear is the continuance of a semi-paralysed Government without a policy, afraid and unable to lead.

Every Frenchman should therefore try to grasp this central fact in the present situation, which is the key to its understanding. England is a Democracy, a Democracy governed by opinion, but opinion, as every soldier knows, never yet won a war, and, indeed, is the negation of generalship, which demands policy and decision. And the Frenchman must try to understand that this is the salient flaw in our military equipment.

In Britain, men "won't be told"; they don't like dis-

cipline, and from this sham, the result of wealth, insularity, and lack of national education, the sham of popular Government has arisen in conformity with the concatenation of sham values which have dominated this country for decades. That is not to say that the present Government is evil, on the contrary, they are charming gentlemen, delightful men to dine and breakfast with, adepts in the polished phrase, men of parts and quality and distinction. Unfortunately, they know nothing of war, nothing of the Germans, and astoundingly little of European thought and conditions. They rule over us chiefly because they are clever lawyers and good speakers, and this because the law in Britain has for years stood as the traditional bar, standard, and reason of civic dignity and power, and because among an insular, artist-hating, highly conventional, sport-concentrated, and unimaginative people, the platform—public speaking, lip wisdom, the after-dinner manner—is the pass to office and popularity.

It is useless to try to explain to the Frenchman the meaning of the Public School attitude; suffice it to say that it is essentially non-critical, conservative, non-creative. But the Frenchman has heard of English snobbery and Mr. Yellowplush. He does know that we pride ourselves on the doctrine of "muddling through." He does know the figure of John Bull, that rotund, eminently respectable and complacent squire who hates nothing so much as ideas and innovation and all forms of disturbing mental activity. When, therefore, he hears of business men trying to get to business, of legal luminaries casting about for help, of amiable politicians squealing "Police!" in the precincts of Westminster, the Frenchman in the trenches need not turn his periscope our way at all in dread and anxiety, but rather he may congratulate himself that at last in old England there has come a justice for incompetent amiability and toleration.

The stoical "*poilu*" must say to himself: "*Saperlipopette!* Go it England." He must think of our difficulties as a good "scrum" near the twenty-five touch line of old and nostalgic England. He need not get concerned in the least. He need not think that because men push and scrimmage here, that things are wrong, any more than he need think that English Democracy is unpatriotic when

the miners come out on a little strike. All that is part of our paradoxical Democracy, the refreshing fruit of Manchester economics, sport, individualism, in short, the particular ebullition of the native genius pricked and goaded through war to a juster appreciation of realities.

These high jinks are a wholesome cerebration, signifying that Britain is waking out of her long insular sleep. No doubt the doctrine of "muddling through" will die slowly. John Bull will fume and fuss a bit at the fall of his idols and institutions. The Whigs and the wigs will look grave and toss off periods and perorations, and Mr. Yellowplush will frown contumeliously, and outraged leader-writers will indite weighty passages illustrative of the sanctity of the bugaboo, liberty. But Paul et Virginie may still clasp hands. It is "quite all right," Fifi. We have got to do some public stoking here, that is all. Our shams and feathers have got to go back to their bandboxes. Our eloquent fumblers, star-gazers, incorrigibles, and incompetents have got to join our little Peter Pans for a while in the cellars, when the Zeppelins come. Big Ben wants a new ticker. Downing Street wants a new "char." And Britain wants a new purpose and—a Turkish bath.

Let the French, then, understand that what may happen any day now in Merrie England is only a variation of the old saw, "*Pas de Suisse, pas de galette*," and all for the good cause of the *Pas de Calais*. There may be thwackings and a little blood, a mere drop in the ocean that has already flowed. The drop will soon coagulate. It is good blood, anyhow.

Pierrot, Figaro, Poilu, M. le Maire, Apache, Papa, Madame et Bébé—please take notice! Don't judge us here by the logic and standards of France. If you read in the English Press of untoward and sinister events, don't take them too seriously. We shall be muddling through, winning our way to sterner effort, militarising ourselves—nothing more. Now more than ever we mean to win. We intend to defeat the Boches, or perish in the attempt. When we seem *pannés*, take it from me we are getting our second wind; we are becoming nationally serious and determined. We are tuning the instrument of victory.

Remember, it is all due to your Rousseau with his ob-

solete spirit of compromise, which let in our encyclopædic lawyers. When we have acquired the spirit of decision and responsibility, then England will once more come into her own stride and validity. Only don't fidget during the process. Trust us to put our house in order after our own fashion. We are going forward now. When we cry here: "Down with the politicians," you should know that we are really crying: "Vive la France!"

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE SURREY HILLS. By F. E. GREEN. Chatto and Windus. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

This is a very acceptable contribution to our knowledge of Surrey, its scenery, its literary and historical associations. Pleasantly written! And if some readers should feel that there is a little too much about Meredith and the minor set of writers who have graced these regions with their distinguished presences, he will discover compensation in those parts of the book where Mr. Green brings his own peculiar knowledge to bear on rural problems. Among other things, he deplores the spread of golf; with reason, both on economic and æsthetic grounds. The spectacle of red-coated enthusiasts chasing their little white balls about is a rather incongruous note in the sylvan scenery of Limpsfield Common. An index would have been an improvement.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE DE SAINT-SIMON. Translated and Edited by FRANCIS ARKWRIGHT. Vols. III. and IV. Stanley Paul. 10*s.* 6*d.* net each.

Here are two further instalments of this great work—another couple will complete the translation. The editor is to be congratulated on his performance; our old memoirist, in this attractive English version, has lost none of his old sprightliness and curiosity. How modern it all reads!

FICTION

NIGHTS IN TOWN. By THOMAS BURKE. Allen and Unwin. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mr. Burke loves London, and London only. No sleepy and monotonous countryside for him, no week-ends at places like Brighton or Bournemouth—places that

afford all the drawbacks of Oxford Street and none of its advantages. If he wants a holiday, why, is there not Hoxton or Deptford, teeming with mystery and artistic suggestion? He likes the very smell of the streets and their noises, even the barrel-organs: "Have they not added incalculably to the store of human happiness, and helped many thousands over the waste patches of the week?" He loves, above all things, the cockney and the stranger—Chinaman, Norwegian, Jew, no matter what—that is within his gate. In these pages he takes us into queer environments, adroitly and with good taste. But London is a biggish place, and its "nights" not easily exhausted. We hope he will soon be able to conduct us into some more of its strange haunts.

THE RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT. By H. G. WELLS. Macmillan. 6*s*.

In this work Mr. Wells continues his new form of fiction, and he also appears to have changed his mind. That would really seem the interest of the book. Wells the Fabian, the democrat, the man who at the beginning of the War was talking about war to end war, anti-militarism, etc., in "The Research Magnificent" now calls for an aristocracy: to lead, to assume responsibility, to enforce efficiency, to govern. This is certainly a change in the Wells of our peace-time illusions. There are many interesting things in the book, but unquestionably it is the new Wells that is its main interest.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

MY CHILDHOOD. By MAXIM GORKI. Translated by Mrs. Gertrude M. Foakes. Werner Laurie. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

This is a book that is not written for any particular class; a book that can be read by everybody, and, moreover, ought to be read by everybody. You may look upon it, if you like, as a kind of antidote to the nonsense which is often chattered about Holy Russia and its God-fearing inhabitants; or you may regard it merely as a work of art—a delineation of life by a master-craftsman. But

it is more than this. It is, above all things, a poignant document. There is almost a nightmarish flavour in these pages, so ruthless and yet streaked with beauty. Only a man who has passed through the crucible of suffering could write like this. It is a book that cleanses the heart.

TRAVEL

THE NORTH-WEST AMAZONS. By THOMAS WHIFFEN. Constable. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Sheer boredom, apparently, was the original cause which led to this most interesting piece of work. The author tells us that he had been among the Unemployed on the Active List for some little time; suddenly he formed a resolution that something must be done—and this trip to South America was undertaken. Captain Whiffen's scientific equipment is amply sufficient for the task. Moreover, he can write; he observes shrewdly and discourses of these savage folk with sympathy and discrimination; so that, besides being very pleasant reading, this book is a really valuable contribution to the ethnology of one of the darkest corners of earth. There are copious and admirable photographs. To behold, in the flesh, the young ladies figured on p. 194 would alone be worth the trouble of a journey to South America.

WAR

GERMANY IN DEFEAT. By COUNT CHARLES DE SOUZA and MAJOR HALDANE MACFALL. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

This book ought to be read for two good reasons. First, it is optimism unadulterated—the title shows that—secondly, it is strategy so thrillingly told that modern romance cannot compete with it. The thing is quite extraordinarily exciting, and lucid too, with that precision which reveals the Gallic mind. And were it not for a preface which gives things somewhat away, we would say "here is the book"—at last.

Straight criticism is obviously impossible during war; at best a man can say what he wishes to say as a sound partisan. And this is the French case. It certainly explains

things in a way not known here. The battle of Mons receives clear light, and General Foch's great centre stroke, Fère Champenoise, is given its due and proper place in the strategy of the West. Also Joffre's strategic superiority over the Germans is rightly explained. Here the authors have done good service. They have the strategic focus. And they show conclusively that the delay of the Germans in Belgium—never adequately accounted for—was not due to the Belgian Armies as obstacles, but for motives of strategy; the Germans hoping to lure the French into Belgium, ultimately the Germans realising their mistake, and so themselves walking into the net laid for them by Joffre, thereby losing the strategic initiative which they never recovered. All this is admirably and probably correctly told. It ought to be studied by Englishmen. The problem of the German discomfiture when so near Paris, the wheeling in of General Kluck, the somewhat aimless drifting of the German encircling armies, followed by the retreat, is not so adequately explained. The full truth has yet to come out. But the result of these two authors' work is sound and professional.

FORTY YEARS IN CONSTANTINOPLE. By SIR EDWIN PEARS. Herbert Jenkins. 16*s*. net.

This book has attained a European notoriety recently through its revelations of our ambassadorial ineptitudes in Constantinople during the War. Sir Edwin Pears knows Turkey as few other Englishmen. His statements, therefore, bear authority which cannot be gainsaid, and it almost becomes a national duty to read his chapter bearing on the War, which might indeed be called "How we lost Turkey." But the book ought to be read for other reasons. It gives a very careful account of events connected with Turkey, and is, indeed, a work of reference which at this time is invaluable.

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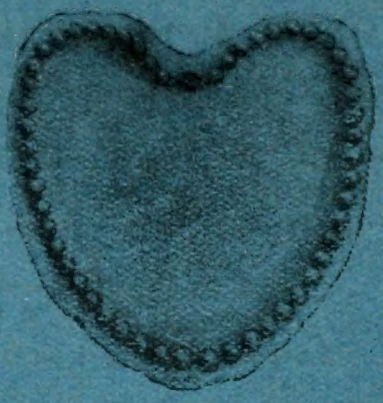

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REGISTERED FOR CANADIAN POSTAGE.
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